

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

6-1-1997

Volume 26, Number 3

Post Amerikan

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Post Amerikan, "Volume 26, Number 3" (1997). *The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)*. 209.
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New Feature: The Good, the Bad & the Ugly

"Murder most foul" in Peru

Lots of new poets



POST AMERIKAN



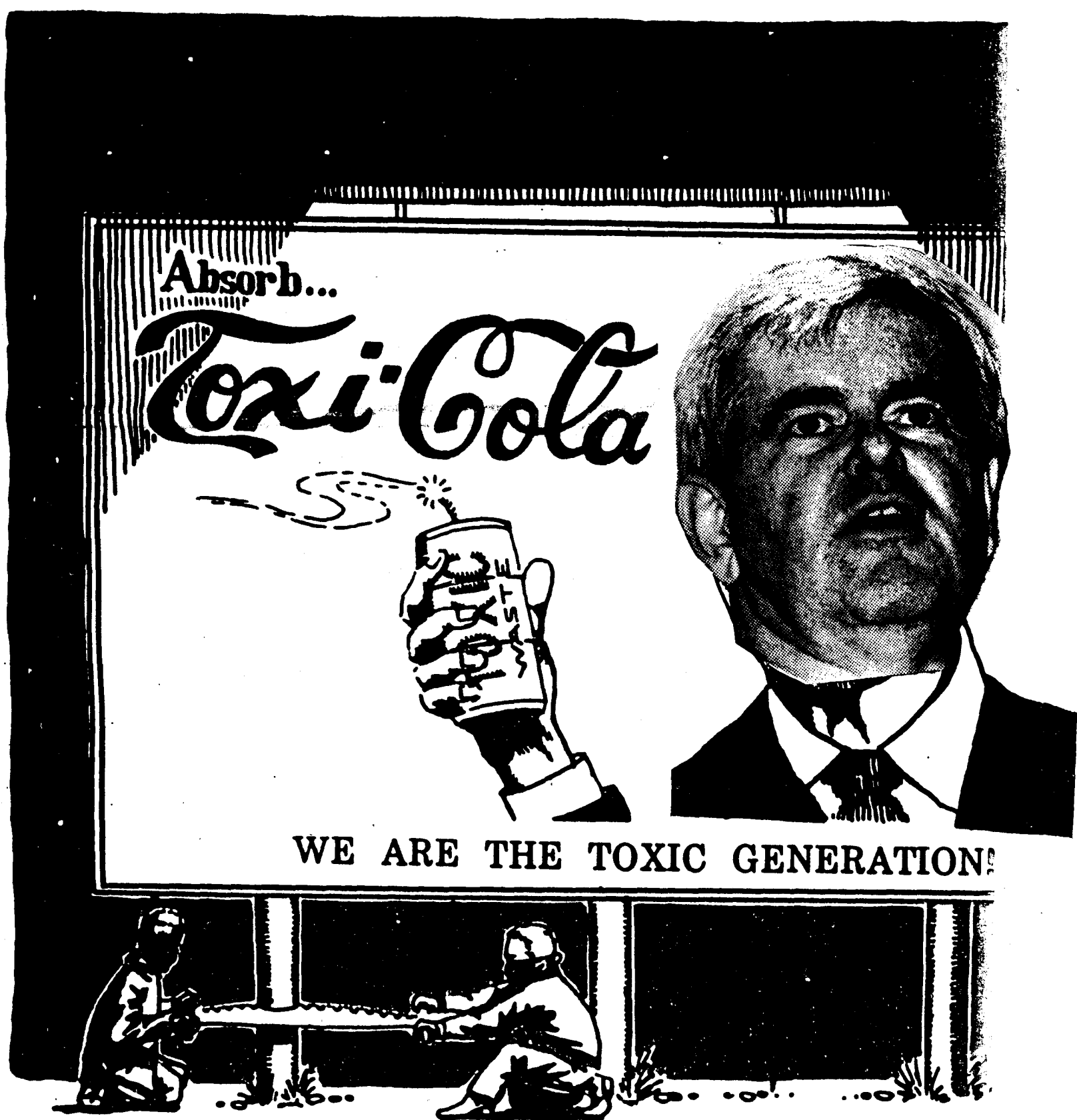
BLOOMINGTON/NORMAL

VOLUME 26

50¢

NUMBER 3

JUNE/JULY 1997



Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage Paid
Permit No. 168
Bloomington, IL 61702

Address Correction
Post Amerikan
Post Office Box 3452
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PAGE 2



BLOOMINGTON/NORMAL

VOLUME 26

NUMBER 3

JUNE/JULY 1997

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About us

The *Post Amerikan* is an independent community newspaper providing information and analysis that is screened out of or down played by establishment news sources. We are a non-profit, worker-run collective that exists as an alternative to the corporate media.

We put out six issues a year. Staff members take turns as "coordinator." All writing, typing, editing, graphics, photography, pasteup, and distribution are done on a volunteer basis. You are invited to volunteer your talents.

Most of our material and inspiration for material comes from the community. The *Post Amerikan* welcomes stories, graphics, photos, letters, and new tips from our readers. If you'd like to join us, call 828-4473 and leave a message on our answering machine. We will get back to you as soon as we can. Don't worry if it takes a while--we don't meet every week.

An alternative newspaper depends directly on a community of concerned people for existence. We believe it is very important to keep a newspaper like this around. If you think so too, then please support us by telling your friends about the paper, donating money to the printing of the paper, and telling our advertisers you saw their ad in *Post Amerikan*.

Subscriptions

Subscriptions to the *Post Amerikan* are available for the low price of \$5.00 per year for six complete issues.

Please send a check (made payable to the *Post Amerikan*) to: Post Amerikan, P.O. Box 3452 Bloomington, IL 61702.

This issue of *Post Amerikan* is brought to you by...

David, Gregg, Linda, Matt, Ralph, Russ, Sherrin & Steve

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AIDS Task Force, 313 N. Main (inside)
About Books, 221 E. Front (inside)
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Bus Depot, 533 N. East
Circus Video, (Emerson and Main)
Common Ground, 516 N. Main (inside)
Front and Center Building
Gaston's Upper Cut, 409 N. Main (inside)
Law and Justice Center, 104 W. Front
Medusa's, 420 N. Madison (inside)
Mystic Link,
Once Upon a Time, 311 N. Main (inside)
The Park Store, Wood and Allin (inside)
Twin City Exchange, 411 N. Main (inside)
U.S. Post Office, Center and Monroe
U.S. Post Office, 1511 E. Empire
Wash House, 609 N. Clinton

Normal

Acme Comics, 115 W. North (inside)
Amtrak Station, 100 Parkinson
Babbitt's Books, 104 North (inside)
Bus stop, (School and Fell)
Coffee World CoffeeHouse, 114 E. Beaufort
Deadpan Alley Records, 129 E. Beaufort (inside)
Mother Murphy's, 111 North (inside)

Champaign

Babbitt's Books, 614 E. Green, (inside)

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When you move, be sure to send us your new address so your subscription gets to you. Your *Post Amerikan* will not be forwarded (it's like junk mail--no kidding!). Fill out this handy form with your new address and return it to us, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61702.

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The due date for submitting articles to the *Post Amerikan* is: (please laser print your articles in columns of 3" using Palatino 10pt. type if possible.)

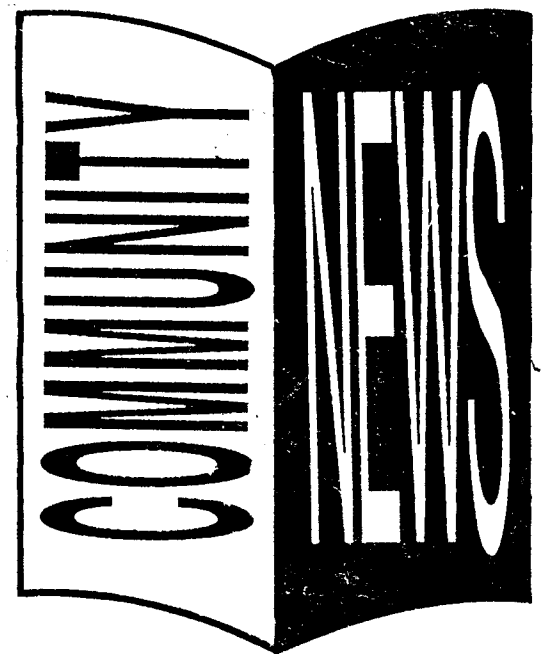
July 15

Good numbers

ACLU.....454-7223
Advocacy Council for Human Rights.830-2521
AIDS Hotlines
National.....1-800-AID-AIDS
Illinois.....1-800-243-2437
Local.....827-AIDS
Alcoholics Anonymous.....828-7092
Animal Protection League.....828-5371
Bloomington Housing Authority.....829-3360
Boys and Girls Club.....829-3034
Clare House (Catholic workers).....828-4035
Countering Domestic Violence.....827-7070
Dept. of Children/Family Services.....828-0022
Gay & Lesbian Resource Phonenumber...438-2429
Habitat for Humanity.....829-0693
HELP (transportation for senior citizens/handicapped).....828-8301
Home Sweet Home Mission.....828-7356
IL Dept. of Public Aid.....827-4621
IL Lawyer Referral.....1-800-252-8916
Incest Survivors Support Group.....827-5051
Lighthouse (substance abuse treatment).....827-6026
McLean Co. Center for Human Services...827-5351
McLean Co. Health Dept.....888-5450
McLean Co. Humane Society.....663-7387
McLean Co. Peace Coalition.....828-7070
Mid Central Community Action.....829-0691
Mobile Meals.....828-8301
Narcotics Anonymous.....1-800-779-6178
National Health Care Services/abortion assistance.....1-800-322-1622
Occupational Development Center....452-7324
Operation Recycle.....829-0691
Parents Anonymous.....827-4005
PATH (Personal Assistance Telephone Help)..827-4005
Phone Friends.....827-4005
PFLAG(Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays).....663-0831
Planned Parenthood (medical).....827-4014
(bus/couns/edu).....827-4368
Post Amerikan.....828-4473
Prarie State Legal Services.....827-5021
Project Oz.....827-0377
Rape Crisis Center.....827-4005
Safe Harbor Mission(Salvation Army).829-9476
Sunnyside Neighborhood Center.....827-5428
TeleCare (senior citizens).....828-8301
Unemployment comp/job service.....827-6237
Voice for Choice.....828-3108
Western Ave. Community Center.....829-4807
Youth Services of Mid IL.....828-7346



Community News



P-A reader gets letter published in *USA Today*

The following letter by Allan H. Keith, Mattoon, IL, was published in the May 8 issue of the *USA Today*:

While bashing the new left, author Samuel G. Freedman, a member of the *USA TODAY* board of contributors, ignores the movement's positive contributions ("What right can learn from left," The Forum, May 1).

He doesn't mention the many positive results, in whole or part, from the left-wing political turbulence of the 1960s and 1970s: civil rights laws, lower voting age, women's rights and environmental movements, and a greater voice by students and faculty in universities' decision making.

The political activity was also a factor in ending the war in Vietnam and in the lessened interest since then in involving the U.S. in unnecessary military adventures.

Poetry scene update

Some changes have occurred since my report on the local poetry scene in the last issue. Poets are no longer included in the open mic nights on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at Lizards Lounge. Mike one of the owners told us that the poetry seemed to be alienating some of his clientele, people out to just have a drink and a good time after work. Apparently many of the customers just didn't "get" the poetry and it "bummed them out."

Lizards then scheduled poetry readings on Sundays from 5 to 9 pm (opposite *The Simpsons* and *The X Files*). At this time the poetry situation is in flux. The emcee for Sundays quit, so right now there is no one to mc or run the sound system.

However, don't give up hope. The folks at Lizards are still willing to give poetry a shot if they get the logistics worked out and the support that they need.

--Sherrin

Visions Not Far From Normal

June 3 - August 2, 1997
Reception for the artists: Tuesday,
June 3 from 7 to 9 pm
Summer solstice concert featuring
Light from the Void: Saturday, June
21 at 8 pm

University Galleries is pleased to announce the opening of Visions Not Far From Normal, our summer exhibition consisting of paintings, sculpture, drawings, photography and unique musical instruments by eight artists living in Illinois.

As the title might suggest, obsessive or unusual themes and methodologies underlie the work in this exhibition. Six of the artists are self-taught, three have exhibited widely and two will be exhibiting for the first time.

D. Bill, of Danvers, is already a local legend for creating telephone pole totems with cartoony hatchet-hewn faces, many of which grace the yards of Central Illinois.

Michael Bowlds, of Park Forest, makes intricately patterned colored-pencil drawings which offer surrealistic and wryly humorous glimpses of popular culture.

Josefina Ferran, who lives in Normal, paints colorful and vivid scenes based on her childhood memories of Cuba.

Glen Davies, an Urbana art teacher, artist and muralist, exhibits tarpaulins and wood sculpture inspired by Mexican ritual, comics and 1960s visionary experience.

Steve Johnson, of Bloomington creates self-playing, hybrid musical instruments that are hand-crafted from wood, metal and surplus electronics parts.

Elizabeth Stein, a former art teacher in Bloomington, tracks, photographs and poeticizes endless details of industrial decay, which she presents as color xeroxes.

Irene Zion, who lives in Champaign, paints intimate and Kafkaesque portraits of family and friends, presented in frames with wood-burned images and writing.

Kenneth Rogers, a Joliet inmate, presents macabre visions populated by clowns, dolls, and mutated beings.

Visions Not far From Normal was curated by Barry Blinderman, Director of University Galleries.

For further information: 309.438.5487; fax 309.438.5161; or visit our website at: <http://www.orat.ilstu.edu/cfa/galleries>.

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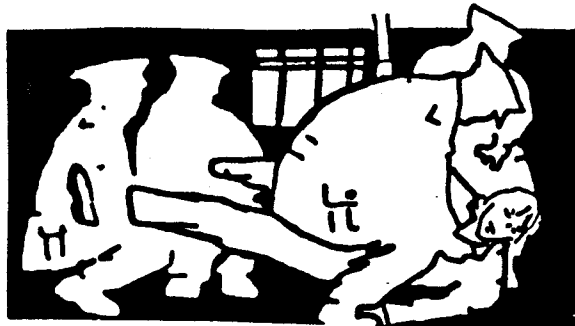
Third encounters of the pig kind

After all these months, and all these installments of this article, the pigs in this area are still up to the same old screwy, unconstitutional, morally deplorable tricks. Aside from the fact that they carry out Uncle Sam's demonic war on peaceful citizens bearing pot, ruining lives and wasting common funds as a part of their jobs, it seems that they have taken up bullying pregnant women and the handicapped. Check these tales out phoned in to 829-9920, and see what kind of intimidation and harassment your tax dollars are funding.

While investigating a domestic dispute, two mediating police officers found that only a loud argument was taking place. A neighbor had heard shouting and made the call, but no violence had ensued between the man and woman.

As one cop talked to the woman, seated on the couch, the other officer was questioning the man about a legally owned shotgun on a gun rack. In this exchange, the cop attempted to unload the gun, and succeeded by discharging it, completely shredding the couch inches from where the woman sat. And these guys are paid to carry guns for our protection?

At a Denny's south of Bloomington, a lone diner went into a mild, although traumatic, seizure. He rose and tried to make an exit, half aware, but was stopped by two pigs. Because of his state, the diner could not respond or even grasp their antagonistic, harsh questioning and he kept staggering toward the door. Being paid to protect and serve, the pigs beat him down, sprayed him with mace, and arrested him on suspicion of public drunkenness.



In the end, the diner filed a lawsuit (and won, I hope) and the pigs all had to attend a medical inservice. When you are that gung ho and have a little authority, it is hard to tell a drunk from a person having a medical emergency, especially looking down the chips on their shoulders.

Another caller, who gave permission to use her name (and her husband's), had a tale of on-going harassment that continued during the day between the two times I spoke with them. The story begins a couple of years back for Brandy and Jeff Huggins, when he was ticketed for loud music. After missing the subsequent court date, he was arrested and given a probation period. For the next three years, they moved around a lot, without legal incident, during which time Jeff's probation expired. When they moved back to McLean County, the harassment began to crescendo...

This harassment from local and county police was as petty as it was aggressive. Brandy described to me being pulled over and searched by male officers, for no reason, on more than a few occasions. One time, mere hours after

purchasing a new car, her and her mother were driving the new vehicle home when it broke down. Before long, a McLean County Sheriff's deputy stopped to lend some help.

Although they had proof of the recent purchase, the papers were obviously not filed yet, and the pig proceeded to search both women and the car.

A little while later, while investigating an unpaid towing bill, two McLean County Deputies managed to get Jeff into a hold in front of their trailer. When Brandy came outside to see what the commotion was about, she was commanded by one pig to stay back. Confused by the sudden commotion, she took a few more advancing steps, when one pig pushed her square in the stomach with enough force to knock her over backwards. At the time, Brandy was in her late, last trimester (and visibly so) of a pregnancy.



The night after taking this story over the phone, Jeff was arrested on suspicion of dog theft. A single person gave the police an anonymous tip, and he had to go to jail. Brandy was originally told bond was set at one hundred, but when she arrived with it, the amount had significantly increased. As it turns out, the guy who turned Jeff in originally stole the animal, and had led the pigs to Jeff (whom he sold it to without mentioning its illegal acquisition) with the assurance of having his own charges reduced.

The harassments that Jeff and Brandy have dealt with are extreme, and the list goes on. This list, Third Encounters of the Pig Kind, goes on also, and it will as long as police are pigs. Right now there are pigs out there stomping on someone else's nature given rights, whether by enforcing evil policies of marijuana prohibition or simply by singling people out and abusing the authority the citizens give them. If you are violated by a person paid to protect and serve, call 829-9920 and help debunk the pigsty mob.

--Matt Toczko

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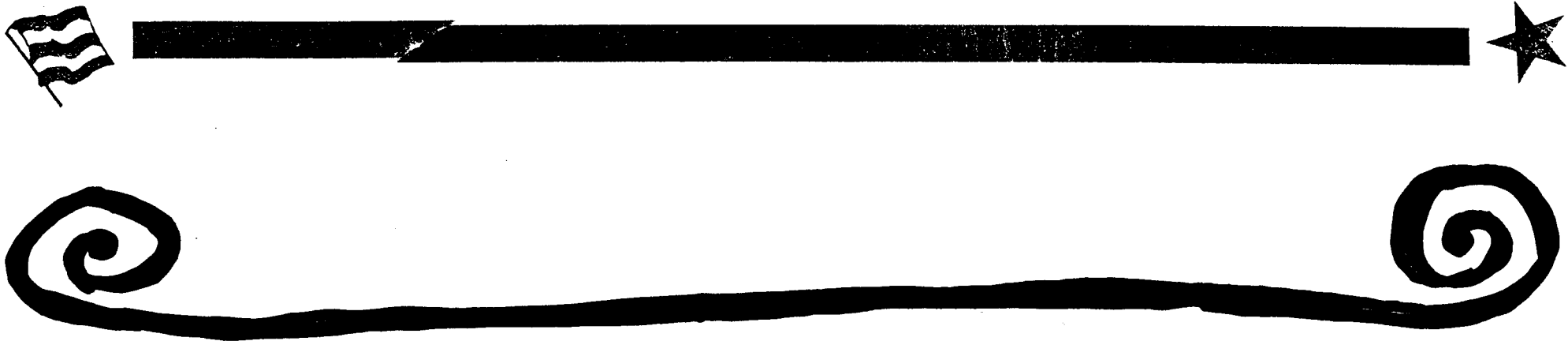
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The Good, the Bad and the Ugly:

Welcome to the first installation of *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*. Hopefully, (if I kick myself in the butt once every two months) there will be a new one every issue. The purpose here is to make everyone aware of local planning - what works and what doesn't and how the aesthetic quality of space makes us feel - from public buildings to college campuses to our downtowns. These parts define the personality of our town and determine the quality of our life.

I ♥ downtowns

I have always been partial to downtown areas. My love for it may have come from my childhood and the fact that most of it was spent before the advent of suburban sprawl and shopping malls and strip malls (At least in my small town).

As a child, I remember patronizing many downtown businesses. In fact, our downtown was the only business district. My church, library, bank and grocery store were all located within the half mile stretch. It was almost guaranteed that you would run into a familiar face will shopping downtown.

Downtown USA is now America's obsolete model for development - we stopped assembling towns this way after 1945. (75% of everything built in America was built after WWII.) But recently, downtowns all across America are starting to see some long overdue attention. Maybe we realize that they are becoming extinct, or maybe we realize that the current crazy, non user-friendly zoning laws are just that.

The pattern of traditional Main Street is pretty simple: mixed income, apartments and offices over the stores, moderate density, scaled to pedestrians, vehicles permitted but not allowed to dominate, buildings detailed with care, and built to last. This mixed zoning, by the way, can no longer be duplicated like it once care, and built to last. This mixed zoning, by the way, can no longer be duplicated like it once was because current zoning codes deem it illegal.

Laws, schmaws

Zoning laws comprise the basic manual of instructions for how we create the stuff of our communities. It dictates where people can live and shop and work and how far stores can be set from the street and how many parking spaces you need to allow, and... Most of these laws have only been in place since World War II. For the previous 500 odd years of American history we didn't have zoning laws.

Downtown Normal has remained a healthy district despite the emergence of strip malls and mega malls for several reasons. First, it is located just across the street from several thousand ISU students. The students help to provide economic stability and provide tenants for the apartments over the stores. Second, it has what mall developers like to call an "anchor" that being the Post Office. It brings the locals in, and the variety of stores keep

them there. (One of the reasons why Downtown Bloomington is struggling, but more on that in the next issue.)

Need to buy a used guitar?

You can't help but to be charmed by downtown Normal. With it's variety of shops and mix of old and young, it's the perfect example of coexistence. There is an old saying that originated from urban immigrant neighborhoods that states that people were born, married and died all within the same block. The same could be true for Downtown Normal. Walk down the street and you will find every convenience you would need for daily life. Within those few blocks you could drop off a parcel, visit the dentist, buy an item from a faraway country, have your shoes mended, order flowers, visit the dentist, stop in for a beer and later, buy a mouthpiece for your tuba. Hell, you could even marry and die here, courtesy of the church and funeral home up the block.

The good

As I mentioned before, you always hear mall developers boast about an anchor store. A place that draws people into the area. The post office could easily qualify for such a title. The post office and its services are a necessary and continual service for everyone. Built in 1933-34, this neo-Federal building is of a dying breed - for the simple reason that it chooses to remain in a downtown area instead of relocating to a larger lot on the outskirts of town to accommodate a larger mail flow. I have read many articles dealing with the decline of downtowns throughout the country. One of the reoccurring reasons always seems to cite the relocation of the post office. But the p.o. chose to remodel and, with the exception of the awkward looking windows, has maintained its architectural style.

As I stated previously, the p.o. gives the locals a reason to visit. If you would observe the traffic flow in and out of the building at any given time of the day it would almost surrealistically compare to worker ants - a



THE GOOD. The Normal Theater, restored to its original glory

continuous flow of people coming and going. This traffic is vital to the economic stability of any business area.

Local treasure

Just across the street is another building built in the 30s - the Normal Theater. Recently purchased by the Town of Normal and restored to its magnificent glory, the Normal Theater is an architectural gem and an outstanding example of the Art Deco style. I highly urge everyone to support the theater, by either becoming a member - or patronizing it on a regular basis. It's fiscal health and permanence in downtown Normal relies on the support of the community. I think that's a pretty good trade-off.



THE BAD. Originally Fissel's bakery, built around the turn of the century.

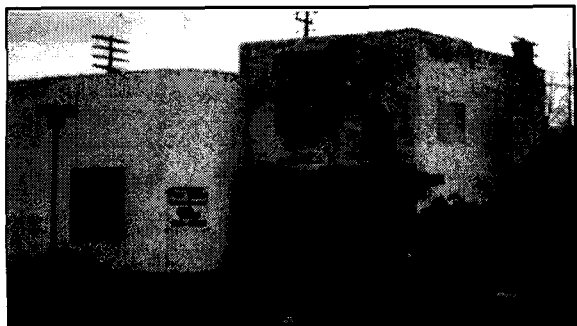
The bad

Currently, downtown Normal is not classified as an historic district. This allows many buildings that have historical significance to be free of any structural and remodeling standards. As a result, many of these buildings are in serious need of repairs. Others, more recently repaired, have seen some beautiful storefronts and woodworking details slapped over with plywood or other plastic sidings - a quick fix with no aesthetic value. On the other hand, much of the alterations are contained to the first floor. Most of these quick fixes are reversible and could be aided by tax breaks if considered to be of historic importance.

The importance of establishing a downtown historic district is vital to the cultural heritage of Normal. In one hundred years, I can guarantee that on one will be talking about restoring the Towanda Plaza or the Parkway Plaza shopping centers. These downtown buildings were constructed in an entirely different time. A time when buildings were built as a showcase for architectural talent, for permanence and for the benefit of the local citizens. If we as a society cannot, will not create with these ideals in mind, then the least we can do is preserve what we have.



Downtown Normal



THE UGLY. The Model Paris Cleaners

The ugly

One block south of the theater, on the corner of Broadway and Beaufort, lies two hideous buildings that are an eyesore for downtown Normal.

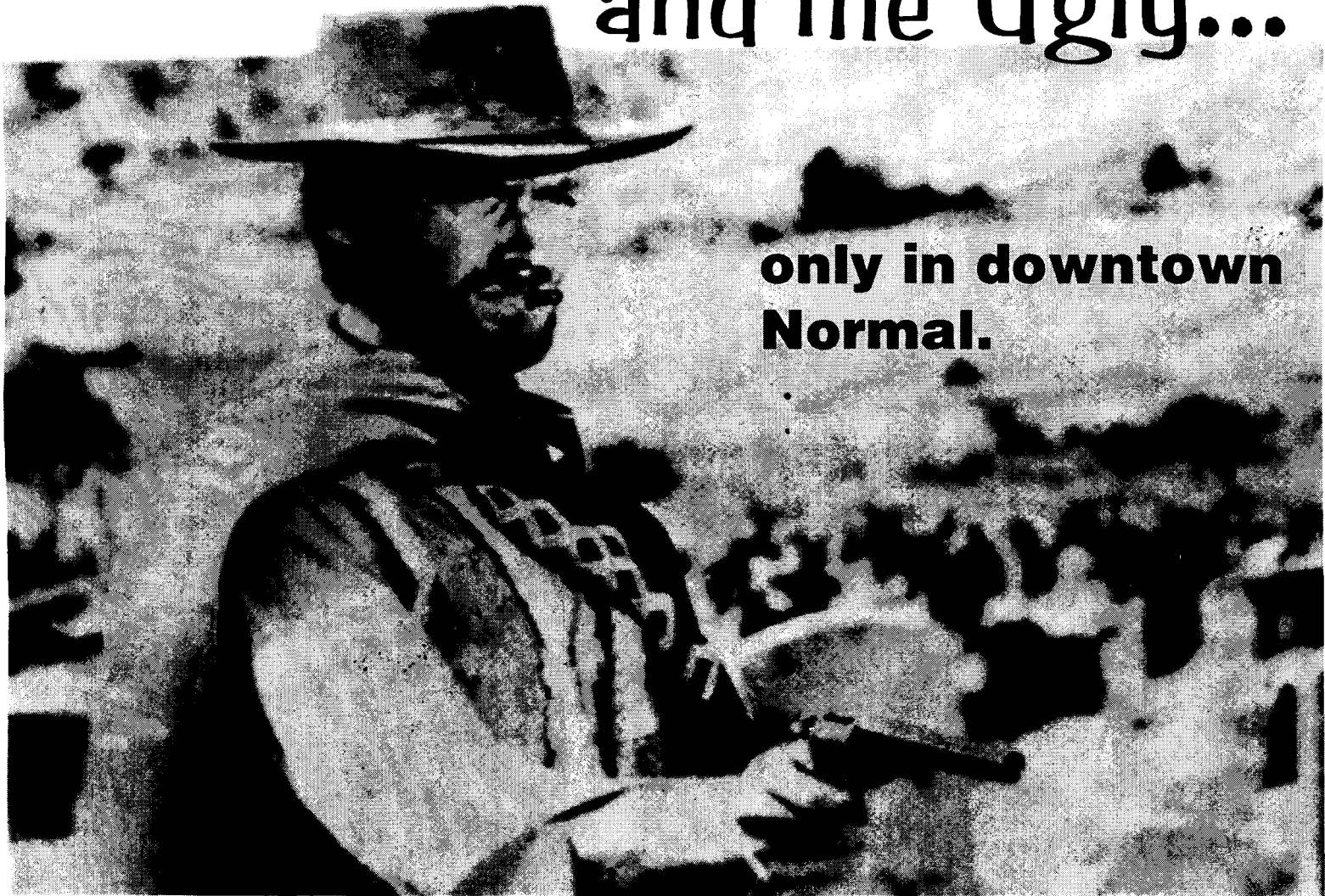
Abandoned for years, Schnebly's garage and the Model Paris Cleaners looks like it would be better suited in a ghetto. These buildings are still very much part of the downtown area, but it seems as if they are cast off - in hopes that they will disappear (with the overgrown weeds and shrubbery, that may soon happen). These businesses were once vital to the downtown area and for at least the last ten years or so, have been abandoned. I am not certain when these buildings were erected, but the architectural styles (especially the Model Paris) compare to those of the Art Deco period of the 1930's.

Since both businesses operated with the aid of hazardous materials, the property could be contaminated. This may be the reason that the land has not been purchased. If that is the case, most developers wouldn't consider the

land usable for health reasons. This is where the Town of Normal should step in. This parcel is located just off the recently expanded Constitution Trail. If this land is uninhabitable, put a park there! What a novel idea. Build benches, plant trees and erect public monuments. (A Republican, no doubt.) Maybe even add a fountain. Return civic pride and create a useful space. The possibilities are endless, if the town officials are willing to invest in the beautification of the downtown district. It certainly is something that is worthy of our attention.

--towanda!

The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly...



OTHER PORTS • 120 North St. Normal • Mon-Sat. 10-5:30 • Sunday 11-4 • 309.454.5071



News From Voice

Mastectomy bill passes house – future uncertain in Senate

A Senate bill preventing insurers from requiring women to leave hospitals shortly after a mastectomy was overwhelmingly approved Friday by the Illinois House.

The House sponsor, State Rep. Rosemary Mulligan fears that the legislation will die in the Illinois Senate. The House approved another Mulligan sponsored mastectomy bill earlier this session, but earlier this month, Senate leaders assigned it to a subcommittee, effectively killing the bill.

Mulligan said the Senate bill, which passed 106-7, will likely face the same fate when it returns to the upper chamber for concurrence. She said if the bill is killed in the senate, there may be legislative hearings this summer for the opposing sides to discuss the matter. Senate Republicans have said they intend to deal with the health insurance matters – like the mastectomy bill – in one package of legislation, rather than piecemeal fashion. State Representatives Bill Brady and Dan Rutherford, were among those opposing the bill.

Source: *Pantagraph*

Free clinic director leaving

The nurse practitioner who has directed the growth of Bloomington-Normal's clinic for low-income people will be leaving in mid-November.

Alison Watkins, Executive Director of the Community Health Care Clinic will be moving with her husband. Susan Clark, president of the clinic's board of directors said that the move was not a surprise; Watkins had given them a two-year commitment at the time of her hire.

The clinic is supported by donations from BroMenn Healthcare, OSF St. Joseph Medical Center and individuals and by the doctors, nurses and members of the general public who donate their time and knowledge to clinic

patients. The clinic, which has two paid employees, had over 2,700 visits by patients last year.

Patients cannot be on Public Aid, can't have health insurance and their income must be within 150 percent of the federal poverty line. They are temporarily unemployed, suddenly single or work at jobs that don't pay much and don't provide health coverage. Services are free, though patients may make a \$5.00 donation.

Source: *Pantagraph*.

Some corporations brave the heat – sponsor "Ellen"

Regardless of what you may think about the "Ellen" show, the coming out episode was historic. Never before has the lead character on a prime time television sitcom been a lesbian. Some sponsors gave in to pressure from the religious right and pulled their ads from the show – those companies are: Chrysler; J.C. Penney; Wendy's; and Johnson & Johnson.

On the bright side, a larger number of businesses stayed with the show, including: Volkswagen; One a Day Vitamin; Burlington Coat Factory; Warner Brothers; Listerine; Neosporin; GAP Clothing; Bayer; Trident; Calvin Klein; Krups; Slim Fast; and, Sudafed.

President prepared to veto ban on intact dilation and extraction

Just as he promised he would, President Clinton is ready to veto a Senate bill banning the procedure "intact dilation and extraction." The bill would make exceptions for protecting the life of the mother, but no exceptions for protecting her health.

Clinton said he needs to be convinced that no woman will be harmed by the legislation. The Senate rejected a Clinton backed proposal by Minority Leader Tom Daschle, to limit late-

term abortions. With many Senate Democrats on board, the Daschle initiative was presented as a compromise on the issue. Daschle's proposal was also meant to derail a bill to ban "intact dilation and extraction."

Daschle's bill would have banned all late term abortions except when a woman was faced with death or "grievous injury" to her physical health.

Source: *Pantagraph*

Affirmative action changes are proposed

The government has proposed applying race-conscious measures in industrial contracts only where it finds minorities are under represented. "The Justice Department has concluded that affirmative action in federal procurement is still needed in order to break down discriminatory barriers that impede contracting opportunities for minority owned businesses," the department announced May 6.

"Carefully tailored affirmative action measures remain essential to overcoming the effects of past and continuing discrimination," it added. The new rules, expected to take effect in early fall after a period for public comment, are "consistent with the president's commitment to 'mend,' rather than 'end,' affirmative action."

The new rules enlarge but don't materially change proposals President Clinton made last year to help minority-owned businesses compete with more-established companies without imposing "reverse discrimination" on white-owned concerns. The new rules will rely on an industry-by-industry aimed at determining where minority groups experience discrimination in the awarding of government contracts.

Source: *Pantagraph*

Reproductive rights bills as of March 21, 1997

SB 230 – Abortion Ban – Passed Senate and House at first reading. Includes an over broad definition of a banned abortion procedure which could apply to numerous procedures and could apply throughout pregnancy not just after viability. Does not include an exception for the health of the mother.

HB 319 – Freedom of Choice Act – Establishes a state policy recognizing a woman's reproductive rights. Prohibits state agencies and local governments from restricting those rights. Repeals a section of Illinois law which would ban all abortions except those to save the life of a woman if Roe v. Wade were overturned.

This bill lost on the third reading – 53 Yes, 58 No, 1 Present, and 5 Not voting.

HB 382 – Abortion Ban – Same as SB 230

Rape Crisis Center of McLean County

We're a non-profit volunteer group whose main purpose is to offer assistance and support to victims of sexual assault and their friends and families.

Female and male volunteers answer your calls and are available for crisis assistance, information and speaking engagements. You may request to speak only with female volunteers.

If you want to talk to one of us
Call **PATH 827-4005**
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RAPE CRISIS CENTER



For Choice

HB 38 Medicaid Funding Ban – Would prohibit Medicaid funding for abortion except in cases when a woman's life is in danger or in cases of rape or incest. However, requires rape/incest victims to have made a report to law enforcement prior to obtaining an abortion. Reporting requirements in a similar Ohio law were found unconstitutional by a federal court. Eliminates Medicaid funding for cases when a woman's health is threatened which is currently provided for in Doe v. Wright.

This bill passed out of the House 64 Yes, 49 No, 0 Present, and 4 Not voting.

HB 391 – Funding for Abortions – Amends the State Employees Group Insurance Act by removing language prohibiting the coverage for abortion for state employees. Amends the Public Aid Code by providing that the Department of Public Aid may not pay for abortions for public aid recipients unless, in the physician's professional judgment, the abortion is medically necessary or medically indicated taking into account the physical and psychological factors as well as the age and family situation of the woman. Current Illinois statute only allows coverage for abortions to save the life of the woman. However, Illinois is currently also complying with federal law which requires coverage in cases of rape and incest and Doe v. Wright which requires coverage in cases of health endangerment.

Lost on third reading – 52 Yes, 62 No, 0 Present, 3 Not voting.

HB 629 – Woman's Right to Know – HB 629 amends the Illinois Abortion Law and the Illinois Right of Conscience Act to provide that a physician, hospital, ambulatory surgical center, or employee of any of these persons or entities, who invokes his, her, or its right of conscience by refusing to perform, permit, or participate in medical care must provide written disclosure to patients before providing medical care. Written disclosure must list any medical care denied under the right of conscience.

HB 851 – Clinic Access – Creates the Health Care Facilities Act to make any person who intentionally interferes with another person's access to a health care facility civilly liable for damages, legal fees, and costs. Provides for injunctive relief. Amends the criminal code to create the offense of intentional interference with access to health care. A violation is a Class A misdemeanor.

This bill passed out of the House – 73 Yes, 41 No, 0 present, and 3 Not voting.

Interested in how our local representatives voted? Here it is:

HB 319 – Brady: No, Rutherford: No
HB 382 – Brady: Yes, Rutherford: Yes
HB 383 – Brady: Yes, Rutherford: Yes
HB 391 – Brady: No, Rutherford: No
HB 851 – Brady: No, Rutherford: No
HB 1812 – Brady: No, Rutherford: No

We should point out that Representatives Brady and Rutherford also voted in favor of a bill that would prohibit all abortions except those to save the life of the mother. Fortunately the bill failed to pass the house. Please write to Mr. Brady and Mr. Rutherford to let them know how you feel about their support of overturning Roe v. Wade.

Woman sentenced for plot to burn two clinics

An anti-choice activist who once had an abortion was sentenced in February to 30 months in prison for a plot to burn two women's clinics.

Jennifer Patterson Sperle who had pleaded guilty to conspiracy to commit arson, was also ordered by U.S. District Judge Raymond Jackson to pay 1,355 dollars in restitution to one of the clinics.

Sperle and a co-defendant poured lighter fluid through a mail slot to set fire to a Newport News Clinic in December 1994 and set fire to a Norfolk Virginia clinic three months later by breaking a window and igniting kerosene, prosecutors said.

The fires caused minor damage. "I made a mistake," she told the judge. "I never should have been involved in what I was." Defense psychiatrists said Sperle suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder, triggered in part by an abortion she had in 1989.

Two counts of arson and two counts of using fire to commit a felony were dropped in exchange for her guilty plea. Co-defendant Clark Ryan Martin pleaded guilty to a single conspiracy charge and is awaiting sentencing.

EEOC lists 289 harassment victims

The EEOC has given a document to Mitsubishi stating that nearly 300 women were either sexually harassed or witnessed harassment at the Mitsubishi auto plant. The names will be kept confidential, and the EEOC would not reveal how many women were harassed and how many were witnesses.

The list of women was developed as part of the EEOC's sexual harassment suit against the Normal automaker, potentially the largest ever filed by the agency. The names of the witnesses are included "because EEOC is charging Mitsubishi with 'environmental' sexual harassment; that is, with permitting a working environment in which offensive sexual conduct was pervasive," EEOC regional attorney John Hendrickson said in a prepared statement.

Source: *Pantagraph*.



Abortion bill passed – goes to Edgar

Without any debate and with little dissent, the Senate on May 13 sent the governor a bill that would ban certain late-term abortions except to save the life of the mother. The move now puts pressure on Governor Edgar to decide whether to sign the bill, but Edgar has not indicated what he will do.

"I've indicated in the past that while I am generally pro-choice, I do think there are some legitimate restrictions that can be placed on late-term abortions," Edgar said. "I will study this bill to see whether or not it's constitutional, whether it's something I can sign. I really haven't had a chance to go over it."

Opponents of the late-term procedures call them "partial birth" abortions because the fetus is partially delivered. The bill cleared the Senate on a vote of 49-3 after passing the House with much more tumult in April.

The bill would impose a limited ban on all abortions after the point at which a fetus could survive outside the womb. At the same time, it would provide a broader set of exceptions than a GOP measure – applying in cases that would threaten the mother's life or risk "grievous injury" to her health.

The sponsor of the Illinois bill, Senator Christopher Lauzen said such exceptions for the woman's health would make the bill vague or meaningless because even psychological health could be considered. He said the late-term procedure is never medically necessary and should not be used to prevent children from being born with severe birth defects. "Our response to deformity and disability cannot be violence and killing but has to be acceptance and love."

If Edgar signs the bill, it will take effect 60 days later. Under the bill, doctors who performed such a procedure could be sent to prison for one to three years. The doctor could be sued for wrongful death if the mother who had the abortion was younger than eighteen. A woman who had such a procedure would not be held liable.

Source: *Pantagraph*



What a pile

Just a neatly secured pile of rocks, stacked tightly and well-fitted, I contain a complex of ominous buildings.

I was erected by my original inhabitants, who had taken pride in my construction and in their accomplishments, to keep a world out that had no further use for them.

My base spans about twenty feet, while I rise to an approximate eighty feet, below and above ground.

At one time I held a portentous threat to those who would gaze upon me.

Those who were shackled with even the threat of joining my inhabitants would suffer the effects of apprehension, fear, terror and dread, due to just the folklore connected to my being.

Generations of people, who lived during my first one-hundred years trembled, when hearing of the meager existence of those who had the misfortune of dwelling within my confines. I have been used as a threat and deterrent to children who years later would walk by as adults, sighing a gasp of relief, while thinking, "There but for the grace of God go I."

I am supplied with gates. Gates that swing wider than ever. Gates that some people have claimed are now revolving. For the first one-hundred years my gates contained only the worst that society had to offer. The hard core killers, rapists and others, were hidden away by a society that was glad to have them move within me and be out of their way.

I am Joliet Prison.

Within my original cell house I have held the dregs of society from my creation in 1857, to the 1960s. Several of these men were suspended from my rafters by a rope, as a deterrent to crime, until society changed its mind and now allows them to run rampant within me.

These ropes known as Joliet Ascots, Joliet Windsors and Joliet Thirteen-Loopers did their job as I watched.

I have sat here since my creation, hunkered down, just watching. I have watched society for the most part. The same society that built me, condoned me and filled me are now overflowing me.

Watching society has been my hobby. Watching society change has been my passion. It should have been society's hobby to determine how to keep me empty. Society should have demanded more of itself and a lot less of me instead of making more, like me, for the monies involved.

My God! The society that erected me, condoned me and operated me is now condemning me. Where have I gone wrong?

In the past fifteen years I have watched 15 and 16-year-old kids come to me already hardened by their degenerate, depraved, corrupt and sinister minds. They believe that life within me is easier, a more facile, aloof and detached life. An autonomous life, lacking the freedoms of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that have been denied to them, while at the same time, having been guaranteed to them.

At first, I thought this way of thinking was absurd, then I listened and began to appreciate their justification, as they talked among themselves in the wee hours of the night, while waiting to be released from their cells for breakfast. The nighttime is and will continue to be the time when inmates feel compelled to talk of their plight and the reason for being in their dire straights.

Horror stories, embellished by time or not, help to wile away the hours when convicts are deadlocked in their cells and the guards are napping in their offices or curled up on a bunk in an empty cell, down the gallery, hoping that their comrades will awaken them, as usual, before anyone with authority arrives.

The speeches that the inmates ramble on about are indicative of the way a baby treats a



diaper or the way that guardians on drugs or with other vices treat welfare checks and food stamps. These kids came from hungry families that stayed poor and hungry. Food stamps that were applied for them, were consigned to them and their guardians denied these, to them and they felt that another system had failed them. The kids stayed hungry.

Not to worry, I have plenty of food. All free to the inmates along with a bed and a roof over their heads.

Drugs? No problem. I have plenty of drugs. I have staff who bring the stuff in for what is known as "Tall Money," while I also feed them free.

There are hundreds of my ilk in this great nation, this America, the land of the free. State and federal prisons abound, which contain American felons, from serial murderers to drivers with sullied operator licenses.

According to a national news-wire service in 1955, there was an onslaught of new and returning inmates to the prisons of Arizona. The reason was simple, basic economics of supply and demand. Drugs were cheaper and more accessible within the confines of the prisons than out on the street.

Is this what I have become? Am I now just a hangout for drug abusers?

I started out housing the dregs of society, the infamous that have been portrayed by local cult heroes and national celebrities. These were the men that I was able to brag upon, who had their own code of ethics and silence. Men that no one else could hold or retain. Men with reputations that would bring chills up and down the spines of their peers. Men whose warped and twisted escapades were left at my threshold as they entered to stay within me, the only facility that could restrain them. Men, who society gave to me, along with the responsibility to insure their security, custody and control.

I had a mission once. I was able to rehabilitate these men, to a point, so they were able to live with each other, within me, in a respectable manner.

Now I am, as others of my persuasion are, overpopulated with a new entity: the gangbanger.

These new inmates are not to be confused with the convicts and gangsters of the twenties, thirties, forties or fifties. This new breed though will try to command the same respect as their predecessors.

Now we have to kowtow to this new type of inmate, who come willingly to me for a better way of life and have everything handed to them, which is what they have demanded. They try to rule my people, and the drug monies that are generated will do a lot of convincing to a guard that only makes twenty thousand dollars a year. The bylaws of these new gangs are very similar in one chief aspect: the highest ruler of any gang has to rule from inside a prison.

The gangbanger is a much more aggressive individual than any other type of inmate that I have ever encountered. These boys have no respect for anything, even though they worship the word, in a twisted fashion. Respect for each other is quickly lost when a drug profit or scam is concerned. These gang members will come to prison to commit the same crimes as they committed on the streets; the only difference is their victims, each other.



Murdering a rival gang member is still practiced while being locked up, just as on the streets, however the crimes of baby killing and the shooting of innocent bystanders that initially brought the gangbanger to prison are just "atta Boys" from the peers that welcome their homies and rides, from the old neighborhoods.

Fear and apprehension of entering me is gone, replaced by the reality that within my walls there is a life of easy living and a chance to gain momentum rising to the upper levels of a gang. Easy money is here, whether it is through gang deals or suing the state for anything from negligence, of falling on a slippery floor which was set up by another inmate to being denied rights through a legal loophole.

Gangs rule through fear, but they acquire their members through their twisted connotation of the word "respect." Respect not found at home will be splashed upon a candidate and the effects will gladden the heart of the prospective member. Later, the other shoe will drop and the gang owns another warm body to do their bidding.

As I listen in the wee hours of the night, I hear these kids brag of their achievements and experiences that they have had while on the streets. These boys feel that they have gone far without school, training, or a job. This reminds me of the Peter Pan video that was watched on TV by the inmates one afternoon; the lost boys have just been found.

I understand that there is a state investigation regarding the gang activities in the Illinois Penal System. The State inquirers need not go any further to find the truth than to just interview my guards, Sergeants, Lieutenants and even a Captain or two. I mean to say that these men have the answers as they are not only in authority within me but some of these men are also gang members. They have the answers, if they're not liars.

--Dockstader

Your comments are requested: care of Robert Strait, Agent for *Scum of the Earth The Book* PO BOX 373 McLean, IL 61754

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Main lesson to learn in this lifetime:

The hut was round and riddled with bullets. A voice was telling me what was going on. "This is the killing hut. It is where people come to die when they can't take the despair in their lives anymore." It was in a village in Viet Nam. The military made a show of their power daily as they drove through the town by firing a round of bullets into the hut...a reminder to the people that they were ever present, and could gun them down just as easily. A thin, bald man was sitting there, no sparkle left in his eyes. Just then I heard the gunfire rip through the walls, and saw the man fall over dead, eyes open, blood pouring from his body, dust rising from the floor.

I turned around, and saw yellow light on the other side of the hut. Another man was sitting there, legs folded in front, with a small smile. Around him circled hundreds of butterflies, in slow motion. "This is where he exists," the voice continued. "How can he survive here in the midst of the death and destruction and not be touched?" I asked. "He has found the secret of joy, and because he lives in joy, nothing can touch him," the voice answered. The sitting man rose, and the butterflies parted as he walked to me smiling. And I knew that this was a great teaching. I awoke from my dream.

There is a voice that has guided me throughout the last twelve years of my life. It has helped me make good decisions, and it has saved lives. I don't know where it comes from, but it brought me this vision in my sleep. When I awoke, I was filled with happiness and awe.

At thirty-four, I am finally starting to wrinkle. Mostly I am beginning to see the lines of laughter and smiles in my face, and this makes me happy. I never thought I would live this long; I had always assumed an early death by my hand or by negligence. Neither did I think I would ever be so happy.

I believe I have found my main lesson to learn in this lifetime: it is to be happy at all times in life, and do whatever it is that makes me happy. It is always finding "the cloud with the silver lining." Every day, for at least a moment, I feel it. Driving down the road in the sunshine the other day I felt it for no apparent reason. It was joy in the warmth, joy in the light, joy to be alive.

Late last spring, a friend and I camped and all four of our children camped in a forest in Tennessee. It was a beautiful, magical place, with a stream running through it. No one else was around, and we were deeply moved by the spot. Under a tree I found a beautiful yellow violet growing, tiny, simple and perfect. I wanted to bring it home to my shade garden, and was squatting and observing it intently, feeling radiant over it. For the first time in my life, I heard a nature spirit, the spirit of the violet, speak clearly and directly into my head. It told me *NO* it should not be moved, please. This is its home and it loved it here, and to please leave it if I cared. I answered of course, and walked away, filled with joy, for nothing like this had happened to me before. My friend asked me why I was smiling, and I told her the story. She believed it, because she could feel the power in the woods.

Joy can be found in the rot of our society as well. Some days the sparkle of broken bottles in a parking lot can cause it—beauty out of garbage. It seems that beauty and joy can always shine through in the worst of circumstances. A flower pushing its way up between the cracks in the sidewalk is another example of the power of nature and beauty triumphing over the "modern" world.

At the same campsite late one night all six of us saw faeries. I had seen one before, and had tried to explain it to friends, but I could tell no one believed me really. Here were six people, four which were children, all experiencing the same thing at once. We had a low campfire going, and they appeared one by one, until there were literally hundreds, and they began dancing in a clockwise circle around us, while others watched from outside the circle. It was unnerving for us to say the least, but very beautiful. To see the hidden power of nature manifest in such a form! Our children still talk of this and smile each time.

Walking along the beaches in Chicago, I collected jars full of faery glass...old broken bottles and porcelain which had been tumbled in Lake Michigan until the edges are rounded. When I would find blue or porcelain faery glass--both the rarest--I would feel indescribable joy bubbling inside like a hidden

laugh. Finding special rocks has the same effect upon me. Looking at them later brings this back. One day I found a piece of Wedgewood faery glass, which was especially fun. It seems to me Mother Nature's way of saying, "You can pollute my waters, and I can still make a thing of beauty out of it!" It is as if they are magically transformed into a new kind of rock.

Having a baby at a birth not breathing--placing my fingers over her heart--ordering her with every bit of energy I can draw from my soul to LIVE!!!! BREATHE!!!!--and then having her eyes snap open and look into mine, knowing we are connected on some deep level.....and then seeing her take that first breath.....pure joy courses through me.

Washing lettuce this afternoon. Seeing the water wash over the beautiful green leaves with such rich texture and color variations. Knowing it to be organic, and knowing it will nourish my body and those of my family, and I know my world, at that moment in time, is perfect.

Seeing the afternoon light in my living room warming my loom, my chair. Seeing the play between light, color and shadow; joy is found in this fleeting moment when I walk through.

Irish music.

Children (mine ESPECIALLY) in the midst of uncontrollable laughter.

My son and daughter curled up in bed together, when they had been tucked into separate beds, holding hands sound asleep.

These are peak experiences for me. Causes of joy in my life. Somehow it seems that the more you experience everyday joy, the more you find; and the more you find, the more the "deeper" experiences of magic and power show themselves to you, as if you have shown yourself capable of appreciating these experiences.

I am the most cynical person I know. I DON'T believe most people are essentially good, and in fact think most people are out for themselves and what they can get. I believe there isn't

much compassion, fairness or justice in the world around. The materialism of the world, especially America, often makes me feel like I've been punched in the stomach when I think of it too long. Sometimes this has led to "voluntary ignorance" which some people find fault with. I don't read the news, or listen to sad stories on the radio. My daughter taught me this one day when I was listening to an NPR news story while cooking, tears streaming down my face. She asked why I was crying. "Because the news is so sad, and so many people are suffering." "Then," she wisely said, "if you get so sad over the news, you shouldn't listen to it." And I have stopped since.

Choosing to be uninformed in my case didn't come from not caring. It came from caring too much. Lying awake late at night, crying because of the suffering I felt in the world, was not good for me or for my family. Living in joy, as I had been learning to do since 1985 was more important.

In ILLUSIONS, by Richard Bach, it says: And he said unto them, "If a man told God that he wanted most of all to help the suffering world, no matter the price to himself, and God answered and told him what he must do, should the man do as he is told?"

"Of course, Master!" cried the many. "It should be pleasure for him to suffer the tortures of hell itself, should God ask it!"

"No matter what those tortures nor how difficult the task?"

"Honor to be hanged, glory to be nailed to a tree and burned, if so be that God has asked," said they.

"And what would you do," the Master said unto the multitude, "if God spoke directly to your face and said, 'I COMMAND THAT YOU BE HAPPY IN THE WORLD, AS LONG AS YOU LIVE.' What would you do then?"

And the multitude was silent, not a voice, not a sound was heard upon the hillsides, across the valleys where they stood.

And the Master said unto the silence, "In the path of our happiness shall we find the

learning for which we have chosen this lifetime. So it is that I have learned this day,



To be happy at all times

and choose to leave you now to walk your own path, as you please."

And he went his way through the crowds and left them, and he returned to the everyday world of men and machines.

I can't change the world as a whole, and I can't influence a large part of it. I can only do those things I can to improve my small part of it. Being happy for my children and myself is one of the best gifts I can bring to this world, even in the midst of suffering and pain. Choosing "ignorance" doesn't negate the knowledge I have of the pain in the world. Instead, I have chosen to participate on an active level...helping women in birth, working with food coops, volunteering for a social service organization....and leave the awful news stories for someone else to listen to.

Lord knows, I have suffered in this life. I spent the first 22 years of my life miserable and wishing I was dead. My life wasn't particularly happy, but many people have suffered through much, much worse. Maybe it was garbage I was carrying from a past life. Maybe it was that I am just too damned sensitive about everything around me. By the time I reached my 22 birthday, it was the culmination of a life of pain, and I was in a miserable marriage. I decided that after wishing I was dead for so long, I was going to finally do it and kill myself. I was determined, and thus did not talk with anyone about it. I didn't want to be talked out of it. I started collecting the pills I needed (which could only be done slowly, over time, so as to not be noticed missing), began working on a "will" because there were certain things I wanted certain people I loved to have of mine, and began my goodbye letter. One day while walking through the bookstore in the mall, I saw J. Scott Peck's *THE ROAD LESS TRAVELLED*. I bought it and read it because of the title, mostly. There was a song based on a bible passage that went, "Two roads diverged in the middle of my life, I heard a wise man say, and I took the road less travelled on and that's made all the difference every night and every day." The book sparked something in me. It saved my life.

Life is full of pain and suffering. The secret is to take the suffering in your life, embrace it, learn from it, and then turn it to an experience of growth and joy. I needed to live for myself, not for others. Just EXISTING, as I had done for the preceding 22 years, was no longer enough. In deciding to live, I needed to move on beyond this. "Thrive, not survive!" became my personal motto. I got into therapy, got divorced, moved in with Mark, and I haven't looked back since.

Twelve years I have been on a spiritual journey of my own, learning the joy to be found in pain because of the gifts it can bring to the soul, and the joy to be found in daily life and existence. In the midst of pain, suffering, strife, war, starvation and miserable childhoods, there is happiness to be found in everyday life and

simple things. And the more joy found, the more that is revealed to you. It seems the small moments of happiness are the most common, but in living a "simpler" life and finding spirituality in everything, I have found that magic truly follows quickly upon its heels.

What others think of you doesn't mean a damned thing. You don't like everyone--why should everyone like you? Liking *yourself* is where this joy in life starts. If you've never liked yourself, I highly recommend that you start. It took me most of my life to work the bugs out, but it is getting easier and easier all the time.

I know my flaws, but I can name my strengths too. And because I am not waiting for someone else to make me happy, or some THING--or for my past to miraculously re-write itself and give me a different history--then I take responsibility for my life. I am the cause of most of the unhappiness in my life, and the opposite is true: I am responsible for my own happiness. Opening myself to this caused me to begin my daily stumbling across joy.

Sometimes it can be caused by nothing more than finding a spit bug on a plant and seeing the excitement when showing it to my kids.

And though I am cynical, can get depressed about life...I am, mostly, a very happy person. Every day there is a moment which makes me smile goofily knowing others think me crazy because I am grinning for no apparent reason.

We know the government lies, people lie, children are abused and folks suffer. In the midst of the pain and suffering, there is a spark of dignity that rises above this and beyond this in some people. They continue to see the joy in the world around them. Ann Frank is a perfect example of this. Babies are born every day, and children take their first steps, and people make love, and there is happiness to be found.

Even if there is NOTHING more than this moment in time--no past lives, no future lives; no heaven or hell-- we still imprint the magic of our individual existence into the energy around us each time we feel this joy. And life begins to have meaning to us because we believe there will never be another chance. If we waste time succumbing to sorrow, then we aren't taking advantage of the moments we have. Remember, energy is neither created nor destroyed. It is always there.

If we do have other chances--REINCARNATION--then I think the reaching of heaven/nirvana only occurs when we learn to experience this joy deep within our souls. It is a place of contentment, satisfaction, fulfillment. Not needing more, having satisfaction in what you have. Feeling the softness in the bread dough as you knead it, cuddling with a child, breathing the scent of the coming rain, hearing the thunder, and feeling the perfection in each of these fleeting moments...these, I believe, are the roots of happiness.

--Marcee Murray

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Mental illness

AIDS for communicating with someone with NBD (a neurobiological brain disorder)

Phrases that display confidence:

"I know you'll do fine."
"I know you can handle it." "If I trust you'll work it out." "You'll make it!"

Phrases that recognize effort and improvement:

"Look at how much you accomplished so far."
"Looks like you put a lot of work into that."

"Looks like you made a real effort."

"You took a lot of time thinking things through."
"You have done more than you realize."
"If you look at your progress, you'll see that..." (be specific).

"It took a lot of courage for you to follow through."

Phrases that display acceptance:

"I like the way you approach that. "
"I'm glad you enjoy learning."

"I'm glad you feel good when you succeed."

"You look pleased. I am happy for you."

"Since you are dissatisfied, what could you do to improve the situation so you are more content'?"

"I know you're really pleased with it."

Phrases that acknowledge appreciation, strengths, and contributions:

I really appreciated your help; it made my job

a lot easier and I was able to get everything completed."

"Your idea really helped us think things through."

"Thanks, that helped a lot."

"We really need some help, and you have the special skills we need. Would you help?"

"I really enjoyed hearing what you had to say. It helped."

"I can use all the help you would be willing to offer." --

--From the Family Reference Book of AMI-Van Nuys, CA

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Research suggests early intervention for schizophrenia

Several promising, large-scale studies suggest early intervention in schizophrenia may forestall the worst long-term outcomes for this devastating brain disorder, reports the latest issue of *The Decade of the Brain*, a quarterly science-based publication of the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill (NAMI). Further, some promising data are emerging that augur the possibility of preventing the most debilitating and financially draining symptoms.

"Thousands of American families know that schizophrenia can strike just as teen-aged sons and daughters are poised to advance in education, careers, and adult lives," said Laurie M. Flynn, NAMI's executive director. "The results are usually a quick descent to severe disability that lasts a lifetime and an overwhelming drain on family resources that leads many into crushing poverty."

Schizophrenia affects up to three million Americans, with teenagers and young adults comprising 50 percent of the new cases. This life altering brain disorder impairs a person's ability to think clearly, manage emotions, make decisions, and relate to others. It is characterized by hallucinations, delusions, confused thinking, and blunted or erratic emotions. The total cost in the United States for schizophrenia in hospitalizations, treatments, lost wages, family care-giving costs, and losses due to suicide is estimated at \$50 billion.

"Until recently, a diagnosis of schizophrenia was tantamount to a death sentence," said Flynn, who has an adult child with a severe mental illness. "This research and the continued development of effective treatments offer real hope for those cut down by this all-consuming brain disorder-."

Research Suggests Broad Policy Implications

At the onset of schizophrenia a child typically is still a dependent and covered by a parent's health insurance policy. Fewer than 10 percent of insurance policies in this country provide coverage for severe mental illness equal to that for physical disorders. A family usually exhausts current benefits and, in the face of mounting bills, crashes out a college fund, remortgages a home, or depletes a retirement nest egg. Many parents then face the decision of pushing their child into public welfare programs or not getting treatment at all, an option with dire consequences according to the latest research.

"Scientific evidence is mounting that early access to treatment is a vital linchpin for better long-term outcomes for persons with schizophrenia," said NAMI's Flynn. "In this age of skyrocketing health care costs, it's 'penny-wise and pound-foolish' not to ensure that these young men and women have adequate care. If providing early treatment can halt schizophrenia's severe drain on personal finances and public resources, not to do so portends disastrous, long-term fiscal implications."



awareness

Gene discovery may explain need for smoking

WASHINGTON (AP) -- Scientists have located a gene that may increase the risk of inheriting schizophrenia -- a finding that, in an unusual twist, also could explain why many schizophrenics chain smoke.

Essentially, nicotine appears to override briefly a brain defect characteristic of the devastating mental illness, providing frenzied patients a few minutes of calm, researchers report in the recent edition of *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*.

"Schizophrenics are the most heavy smokers of any psychotic patients," said Dr. Robert Freedman of the Denver Veterans Affairs Medical Center. "They had discovered this (effect) before we had, and it had been overlooked as a clue to the biology of schizophrenia."

At issue is the inability of many schizophrenics to filter out unnecessary sights, sounds and other stimuli -- that tapping tree branch or the refrigerator hum that healthy people can ignore -- so they essentially suffer information overload.

Freedman and colleagues at the University of Colorado discovered that this trait is inherited. And they linked a gene that appears responsible for that to a brain receptor that helps filter information, a receptor that can be stimulated by nicotine.

That means schizophrenics who smoke get enough nicotine to switch on this receptor for brief relief, Freedman explained. "All the patients report they feel great after a cigarette," he said.

The study is "an excellent piece of work", said Dr. Elliott Gershon, neurogenetics chief at the National Institutes of Health.

But Gershon cautioned that while Freedman has strong evidence linking this schizophrenia trait to the nicotine receptor gene, he doesn't yet have proof -- especially because Freedman has not found the gene that would cause it.

Still, "it's an important step forward" that points to a potential new target for drug therapy, Gershon said.

Indeed, while Freedman is searching for the mutation, he has begun working with drug companies to find treatments that target this receptor

"We certainly don't recommend people take up smoking to try to combat their schizophrenia because the effect literally lasts just a few minutes" and smoking causes killer diseases like lung cancer, he stressed. But the findings are "reassuring to family members who wonder why their (schizophrenic) children can't stop smoking."

What does biological based actually mean?

The recognition of the biological basis of mental illness is possibly the most significant force in the entire existence of persons with these disorders and their families. It changes the political, social and personal perception of these individuals.

So what does "biologically based" illness actually mean? It means that there are actual structural or chemical changes taking place in the body which have an effect. Just as a structural or chemical change can lead to cancer, heart disease or diabetes, changes in the brain can lead to mental illness. The effect is difficulty processing, relating and communicating. The important point is that these difficulties are direct symptoms of the illness, not failure in strength or character or lack of initiative.

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SUPPLEMENT



Calling all Earth avengers

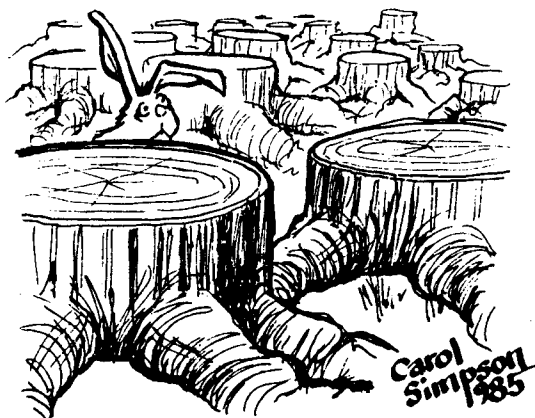
After Carter's eco-friendly administration was replaced by reps from Reagan's corporate Amerika, the sixties activists leading Washington's main environmental organizations — Wilderness Society, Friends of the Earth, and the Sierra Club — decided to drop out. One of them later commented, "it was time for a new joker in the deck: a militant, uncompromising group unafraid to say what needed to be said or to back it up with stronger actions than the established organizations were willing to take."

In 1980, they gave up suits and formed Earth First! Besides cute publicity gags like tree hugging, the organization was associated with outlaw acts of property destruction. By 1985, the wisdom of scattered practitioners was shared in a manual called *Ecodefense*. Under glib pseudonyms like T.O. Hellenbach and Mr. Goodwrench, those with backgrounds in construction, mechanics, hunting, and criminal justice unfold a diverse bag of tricks: lock jamming, computer sabotage, camouflage, condo trashing, smoke bombs, fun with phones — and more. In later editions, the book's authors "learn from experience" — using certain arrests and undercover operations as case studies for reference in an ever-fattening chapter on "Security."

What began as a wilderness campaign begins to look like the high-tech glam of espionage drama, as in the following Mission Impossible-style briefing session. "Because direct communication about monkeywrenchers is dangerous, this book and its future editions, as well as the *Earth First! Journal*, is probably the best medium for communication It is your book, your forum, to discuss the techniques and philosophy of wilderness self-defense In writing to us, do not use your real name or put a return address on your missive in case a group of "plumbers" decides to take a midnight stroll through our file cabinet."

The Nuts and Bolts

The "monkeywrencher" was introduced into activist folklore a few years earlier, in the



form of the novel as propaganda: Edward Abbee's *The Monkey Wrench Gang* (1975). In this eco-prototype for the radical feminist *Thelma and Louise*, a doctor, nurse, wilderness guide and former Green Beret collaborate against overcivilization of the West. They demolish and deface billboards, blow-up bridges, pull survey stakes, destroy geo-phones, and disable construction equipment.

When literally faced with a "cliffhanger," the characters pull disappearing acts with rock-climbing gear or winches. But spontaneity is their weakness. Luck wears thin as the corrupt developer/politician/lawmen catch up. Taking no idealistic "line of flight" out, the apprehended criminals publicly ape reform, while patiently planning the next stunt. Moreover, inspiration survives in the form of two unapprehended criminals, who figure in the fictional horizon as Lone Ranger types.

In *Steal This Book*, Abbie Hoffman sought to portray outlaw maneuvers as hip, intelligent, and fun. "Guerilla warfare" transmuted into the more prankish "gorilla" or "monkey warfare." In *Ecodefense*, corporate and state mechanisms take over — becoming the main subjects, while the activists, in turn, become like their opponents. Earth defending requires a complex and ever-updated education about the industries of mineral and energy development, powerline construction, dam building, ski area development, and trapping, among others.

Each evil has its counter-practice: for logging there is tree spiking and equipment destruction, for grazing fence cutting, for road building and motorized recreation a slew of blocking and tire-destroying tricks. These are not ends-in-themselves but interrelated practices of accumulation, in a holistic plan to overextend the economic and procedural limitations of the invested corporations.

These practices are aimed at:

- 1) physical destruction of essential equipment and preparations so that operating costs rise, driving down profit incentives;
- 2) interference with scheduling and timing protocols, especially of the seasonal organization of many industries — so that minor delays become annual delays, annual delays cancellations;
- 3) obliteration of convenience, letting loose of bad vibes and frustration;
- 4) creation of myths and fears, exaggerated through media dissemination that are more powerful than the physical and economic impairments — resulting in loss of crucial financial backing or insurance;

5) re-generation of media coverage and debate by exploiting the marketability of offbeat, sensational, or dramatic stories;

6) spreading of the idea that continual environmental crimes will lead to tangible, aggressive punishments.

As media critic Douglas Rushkoff explains, to "monkeywrench" is to inflict "a maximum of damage to a large system with a minimum of expenditure and a low exposure to risk."

No one involved in this project in any form encourages anyone to do any of the things described herein. We are all fat and out-of-shape (and would rather drink beer and watch TV than go out in the nasty old outdoors). We're just hoping to make a buck with this book.

The Pep Rally

A first chapter catalogs the country's devastation with a story of transformations. Subtropical Florida "into hotels and citrus orchards." Public prairie into fenced cow pasture, wheat field, or corn factory. Endless old-growth forest into "tame woodlot" or "tiny museum pieces of hundreds of acres." Species like the grizzly, condor, salmon, and woodpecker vastly reduced, if not eliminated.

Initiation begins with a consoling celebration of the remaining natural diversity: "places that hold North America together, that contain the genetic information of life, that represent sanity in a whirlwind of madness." Readers are coaxed to think of themselves as "Earth Defenders," accountable to "hundreds of square miles that have never known the imprint of a tire, the bite of a drill, the rip of a 'dozer, the cut of a saw, the smell of gasoline." The time has come, we're told, to "Pay your rent for the privilege of living on this beautiful, blue-green, living Earth."

A second chapter provides a historical precedent and justification for monkeywrenching. Radical colonists relied on "numerous attacks on public and private property." Slaves "used work slowdowns and feigned illness to hurt cotton production." Just as Thomas Jefferson recognized that the law must not be ultimate and unassailable, contemporary activists should realize when conventional methods wear out their effectiveness.

As often happens when articles start arriving for the upcoming issue of *The Post* unplanned patterns and themes emerge. When I began to read the articles for this issue this trend seemed even more apparent than usual. We decided to group these articles together in this supplement.

One of the themes running through many of these pieces is the concern over the destruction of our environment. Two book reviews cover very different aspects of environmental destruction. Lisa Prothers reviews the book *Ecoterrorism*, an ecological book in the same vein as *The Anarchist's Cookbook*. Operation

Recycle sent us a review of the new book *Living Downstream* which documents the connection between environmental pollution and cancer.

Many of the articles discuss the future of our society, a frightening future if people do not begin to change their evil ways. Gregg Brown's piece offers Native American wisdom as a possible solution for the damage caused by Western culture and a poem by Leslie Mansky tells the story of a Native person in this ravaged society. "Green or Bust," a piece reprinted from *The Progressive Review*, describes "what America will look like in ten years or so if present trends and tendencies

continue." Their predictions? Massive homelessness, increased censorship and resegregation of American society, to name a few. Matt's third installment of "These fated times" echoes the sentiment of "Green or Bust" - "the social cataclysm that lies in humankind's near future," with his own expansions and predictions.

Well, given the nature of this supplement I can hardly conclude this introduction by telling you to enjoy. After reading it maybe you can turn to Marcee Murray's piece for a bit of encouragement.
--Sherrin

EF founders helped develop eco-terrorist strategies in response to mid-seventies disappointments, warning: "Judicial and administrative appeals . . . will be closed off. Congress will turn a deaf ear to requests for additional Wildernesses so soon after disposing of the thorny issue. The effectiveness of conventional political lobbying by conservation groups to protect endangered will lands will evaporate."

The authors urge potential ecoterrorists to develop an understanding of the uses and effects of the whole range of activist strategies. Lobbying and letter-writing, protests and blockades, boycotts and counter-publicity campaigns have an important role they interpret as aimed at public education, negotiation, and law revision.

As T.O. Hellenbach explains, ecoterrorists play hard-sell to "the soft-sell of the Sierra Club and other white-shirt-and-tie eco-bureaucrats." Their actions "enhance the status and bargaining position of more 'reasonable' opponents. Industry considers mainline environmentalists to be radical until they get a taste of real radical activism These moderate environmentalists must condemn monkeywrenching so as to preserve their own image, but they should take full advantage of the credence it lends to their approach."

Ecoterrorists are advised to carefully read the situation at hand, knowing when not to act as well as when; "monkeywrenchers generally should not act when there is a non-violent civil disobedience action . . . taking place against the opposed project. Monkeywrenching may cloud the issue of direct action and the blockaders could be blamed for the ecotage and be put in danger from the work crew or police Monkeywrenching may also not be appropriate when delicate political negotiations are taking place for the protection of a certain area."

"There are, of course, exceptions to this rule. The Earth warrior always think: Will monkeywrenching help or hinder the protection of this place?"

-- Lisa Prothers

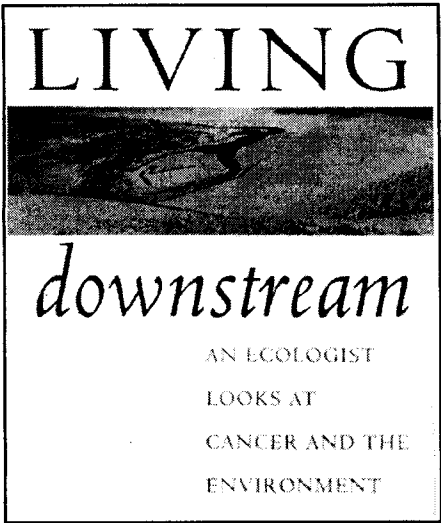
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Living Downstream: An Ecologist Looks at Cancer and the Environment by Sandra Steingraber



Over 100 million Americans breath air that--according to air quality standards in the Clean Air Act--is officially illegal.

Forty suspected carcinogens now appear in U.S. drinking water; sixty are released by industry into our air, and sixty-six are routinely sprayed on food crops as pesticides.

The breast milk of many U.S. mothers is so contaminated with pesticide residues and industrial chemicals that it would be illegal for sale as a food commodity.

Sandra Steingraber, a biologist, poet and cancer survivor offers a thoroughly convincing argument linking cancer to environmental contamination that is sure to galvanize readers in her new book, *Living Downstream: An Ecologist Looks at Cancer and the Environment* (Addison-Wesley, June 1997, \$24.00/hardcover). Combining a poignant personal battle with scientific facts, she builds a case no one can ignore. Steingraber is the first to bring data on environmental contamination (only recently made available under right-to-know laws) together with newly released cancer registry data.

Using the cancer history of her adoptive family and the cancer cluster investigation of her rural Illinois hometown as leaping off points, Steingraber takes the reader through lush, agrarian landscapes and along industrialized river banks to trace with compelling precision the entire web of connections between our bodies and the ecological world in which we eat, drink, breath and work.

Woven together with this scrupulously researched scientific analysis, the story of her own diagnosis with bladder cancer at age 20 is narrated with lyrical, unsentimental power.

Living Downstream is both an unforgettable reading experience and a call to action. From a human rights perspective, Steingraber directs us toward ways we can reduce environmental contamination and enhance the prospect of health for ourselves and our children. A brave, hopeful, wholly absorbing account of the ravages of contaminants on the environment and its human inhabitants, *Living Downstream* will revolutionize the way in which we look at our world--as did Rachel Carson's early warning forty years ago in *Silent Spring*.



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A Place for Environmental Education



Native American wisdom possible solution for damage done by Western culture

Western society disciplines and trains its people to care more for their own personal comfort and convenience than for the well being of the world of which they are a part. As such they are inherently incapable of honoring and maintaining the balance of the natural systems that the continuance of life is completely dependent upon.

I offer as evidence of that the nuclear power industry that produces wastes that will be deadly radioactive for millions of years. Jay M. Gould and Benjamin A. Goldman in their book *Deadly Deceit* document the devastation caused by this human-made radiation and the massive decades-long cover up that the government has maintained in order to keep us uninformed and pacified.

And yet the nuclear industry is only the ugliest piece of a far bigger military-industrial complex designed, for all intensive purposes, as an assault on the natural world. The natural world is apparently viewed as the enemy, to be subdued and overcome.

Is that too harsh a statement? Consider this quotation from Vine Deloria Jr's book *God is Red: A Native View of Religion* : "The imminent and expected destruction of the life cycle of world ecology can be prevented by a radical shift in outlook from our present naive conception of this world as a testing ground of abstract morality to a more mature view of the universe as a comprehensive matrix of life forms. Making this shift in viewpoint is essentially religious, not economic or political" (284).

Western civilization, and its philosophical and spiritual underpinnings, have proven to be cut off from its heart and out of its mind. So it is not surprising that it had to turn self-destructive. But how can we possibly make the "radical shift in outlook" that is absolutely necessary to prevent the "imminent and expected destruction of the life cycle of world ecology?"

First we must realize how damaged we are. For one thing, we have all seen a million commercials. These commercials hypnotize us to see our world and our lives through corporate eyes. The cumulative effect of these hypnotisms is devastating. So one simple thing we can do is to watch a lot less TV, thereby reducing the corporate-time-with-your-brain.

Then we must find a source of wisdom that can give us a clue to what it truly means to be a human being. I would suggest that one source of that wisdom can be found in the native tribal cultures that this nation has tried unsuccessfully to eradicate from the face of the Earth.

Read *Black Elk Speaks, Lame Deer: Seeker of Visions, Lakota Woman* by Mary Crow Dog, *Black Dawn/Bright Day* by Sun Bear, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* by Dee Brown, and *God is Red* by Vine Deloria Jr.

Such books are powerful tools to help you reorient your thinking to a way of life that is balanced, sane, and life-affirming. It is a way of life that is hard in some ways, but has wonderful rewards for those who walk it.

Listen to music with Native American flutes, drums and chanting. Coyote Oldman and Carlos Nakai are two of the musicians who are making beautiful music of this kind. Spend time listening to such music and see if it doesn't touch your spirit and your heart.

You don't have to be from a Native American background to be drawn to this wisdom and beauty. I am of European descent and I can recognize great truth in the tribal ways and philosophies, and I can feel their pull. It was and is a good way of life.

Many of the tribes used a phrase that meant "all my relations" to help them feel their relationship and to live in harmony with the great web of life that human beings are only a small part of. And according to the native way, the wellbeing of the seventh generation had to

be considered in every action that a people took.

Such teachings and the broader system that they were embedded within could well be the antidote to the poisonous Western way that threatens us all and everything we love.

Walk in beauty.

--Gregg Brown

Untitled

A lonely, haunting vigil is carried on
by quiet desert sands
And a solitary figure sits bent
astride an old and wearied paint
Both heads down and plodding, plodding
Plodding through desolated lands
He wonders of all his people
in another time
Running after multitude of jackrabbits
and bounding through lush grasses
In search of majestic bison
Magic bison, Brother Bison, giver of food,
of tools, of clothing, of shelter, of life
He wonders about little brother coyote
the elusive little trickster, hau!
And it dawns on him that they have begun
a new and terrifying existence
fighting over territories of barnyards,
asphalt alleys and backyard sandboxes
Running and sniffing through plastic toys,
discarded computers and ragged synthetic clothes
"Ina!" "Ahte!" "Ina Maka!" He screams
I have become already dead and they
have buried me under asphalt and rolling wheels.
I am a ghost wandering alone
astride this poor old horse
Into the sanded, poisoned wilderness
where nothing can grow to sustain me
I wish to soon go home
to smell fresh sage and eucalyptus
to hear tate whisper through tall pines
to see and taste the magic tatanka
to drink from crystal clear and dancing mini
which know not the ugly side of washichu's designs
Wakan Tanka, there is no warm campfire
drawing me near
for there is no more forest, it's all been stripped clear
And I am carried onward by this tired
paint mare, waste memories of old,
and black cloud dreams I fear
building in the quiet solitude of deadened desert sands

--Leslie Manskey

Glossary from Lakota Sioux
ahte--father
hau--exclamation, yes
Ina--mother
Ina maka--earth mother
tate--wind
tatanka--buffalo
mini--water
washichu--white man
Wakan Tanka--Creator
waste--good



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Green or Bust

Imagine what America will look like in ten years or so if present trends and tendencies continue. In all probability it will be a land in which one finds:

--Unprecedented political corruption, with politicians routinely bought, sold, and traded like professional athletes.

--A wealthy upper class shielded from rapidly growing number of poor by gates, guards and government security forces.

--Massive homelessness of a sort not seen since the Depression, only this time there will be no depression to blame.

--Increased military intrusion into civilian life with many normal police functions usurped by the Pentagon

--A steady growth in censorship. carried out in the name of protecting ourselves against terrorism and our children against ourselves.

--Rampant disregard of constitutional protections, such as those against unwarranted search and seizure, and arrest.

--A decline in typical length of employment as layoffs and downsizing become routine.

--A further decline in the real wages, benefits, and working conditions.

--Most major media owned by less than a half dozen corporations.

--Greatly increased traffic jams.

--More frequent and longer waits for services and entertainment.

A rise in illness and death due to air. food and water borne chemicals. [See *Living Downstream* review].

--Major economic, political, and social power by drug lords--who turn out to be the prime beneficiaries of a decades-long "war on drugs."

--Growing climatic instability including more tornadoes, hurricanes, blizzards, heat waves and floods.

--The disappearance of beaches and increased damage to shorefront property as ocean levels rise.

--Major cities hit by sporadic uprisings and riots.

--Outbreaks of mass starvation around the world, with incidents of food shortages even in the U.S.

--Resegregation of American society.

--Random violence as mobs, gangs, and alienated individuals fight the military and police forces.

--Increased coordination between major media and the government's propaganda agencies.

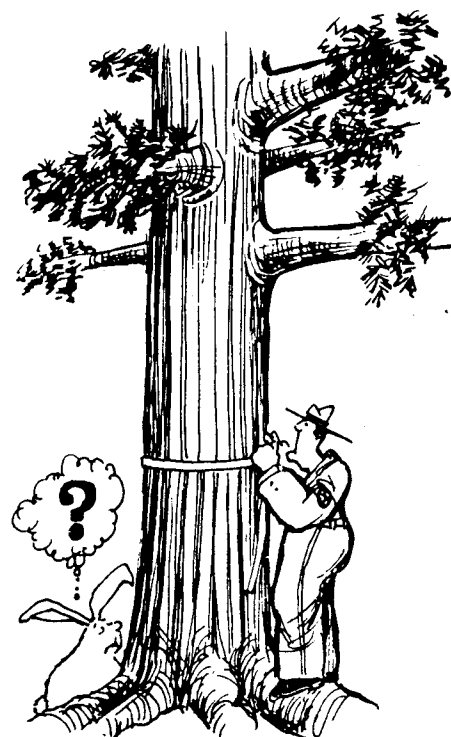
--Government run by intractable, unresponsive, and inefficient bureaucracies.

--Absence of the human in daily transactions--having been replaced by soulless rituals of technocracy, institutions, and state security.

--Declining role of Congress with government run more and more by presidential executive order.

--The ostracizing of citizens seeking the return of democracy, civil liberties, and human communities--these persons being regarded as subversive, paranoid or terrorists.

--Sam Smith
For article in its entirety see *The Progressive Review* April 1997



What happens when you let the U.S. Forest Service loose in a pristine wilderness?

FREE!
Separation

Meaningless Existence

49¢

Brain wash

3⁹⁹

quart cont.

Misery

1-lb Pkg

\$1³⁹

Boredom

1-lb.

\$2⁹⁹

Images

1-lb Bag

89¢

angst

100 foot roll.

\$1⁷⁹

Armor

48-oz ctnr

\$2⁵⁹

Masks

pkg of 6

\$1⁶

Cancer

12-oz Can

\$1⁴⁹

Co nfusion

2 10-oz Pkgs. of 12

\$1⁰⁹

Domestication

1-oz. cont.

\$3⁵⁹

Alienation

Party Size

12 for \$1⁰⁹

Breakfast Favorite

Impotence

8 in pkg

\$1⁵⁹

Delicious Iced

stress

2 in pkg

\$1⁰⁹

Cinnamon Cheese

Death

each

\$2⁰⁹

Our Fake of the Month!

Freedom

each

\$1³⁹

"The last ramparts of the sacred are tottering. If we demolish them rapidly we shall bring a world to an end. If we do not, humanity will be crushed beneath them as they fall." -- Vaneigem

As civilisation advances into oblivion, so too do its adherent become more and more oblivious to the miserable conditions of the situation.

We suggest that this denial is a normal defensive response to the pain brought on by the process of reducing every nuance of your miraculous life to an empty abstract value.

Why not mourn the loss of joy? Get together with friends or go alone to the local corporate grocer and ask where these sale items can be found. Check the gas stations. Inquire at the chamber of commerce. Write to your statesmen. These bargains can be found everywhere.

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The world according

These fated times (pt. 3/6)

As the days and weeks creep by, here in the Summer of 1997, subconscious realization of These Fated Times is spreading like a wildfire. Everyone, from whatever perspective, knows that this modern situation is wrong to the core, and that this civilization is quickly reaching a breaking point. The evidences of these truths are apparent on every level and intertwine in intricate spirals, and they become more obvious every day. In the last *Post*, the apocalypse mechanics at work within the sociopolitical sphere were (briefly) touched upon, but other larger and all-encompassing spheres of existence are also reaching critical turning points on the cataclysm cycle. No matter what we do to ourselves and each other, the soil, the flames, the winds and rains are still higher than any human on the food chain.

It has been recorded by institutional psychology that depression has been steadily, even drastically, increasing in both severity and occurrence for the last century or so, especially in the last fifty. This effect is attributed to the fact that no human is physically or psychologically evolved to exist in this (look out your window...). The common needs each of us share, evolutionarily ingrained in communal social memory, have been replaced with a master need: the need for money. This societally imposed need for money, and the chain reactions of the profit system, is not what life is supposed to consist of. Archaeological evidence shows that structured, tribal societies existed four hundred thousand years ago, and up until the last 1500 years or so, that is the way most people on earth lived. Especially since the industrial revolution, a mere century (compared to 400,000 years...), we have been thrust into a world that not only is vastly different and alien to our evolutionarily perfect scenario, but one that is basically offending to and opposite of our ancestral environments.

Driven by money, human greed and ambition have ceased to be negative, not so much consciously as in the way we provide for ourselves. Let loose, uninhibited, these evils and their profit empires have discovered huge pockets of solid natural gas in expansive pockets along continental shelves. This gas is solid because of the pressure of the continents, with a relatively small pocket existing off the coast of South Carolina. This pocket alone could provide New York City with gas for 150 years (at the current rate of consumption, but if it were cheaper...). The largest pockets seem to correspond with the Pacific Ring of Fire, particularly the Asian rim. In the near future, this Ring of Fire (around R'lyeh?) may not be so pacific... Needless to say, scientists are already trying to think of a way to get at this gel gas. As with most things our scientists do, the sudden and long-term consequences of this are not fully studied. What we do know is that the gas is methane, a chief greenhouse gas, and that it is packed under astronomical pressure under our major land masses. The sad fact is, we just keep trying to find cheaper, more profitable ways to support and grow our cancerous society, rather than trying to remember the ways to live within the limits of nature's balance, and as the imbalance grows, so do the consequences meted out in pain on future generations.

Human population, globally controlled now by capitalist-technologic totalitarianism, has boomed well beyond our habitats carrying capacity. It is well documented in the natural sciences what happens to any species that unwittingly accomplishes this, and it isn't pretty. Besides the famines that threaten millions, fertility rates are dropping and members of our own species are evolving into super predators who prey on their own kind. Choking on our own wastes while creating

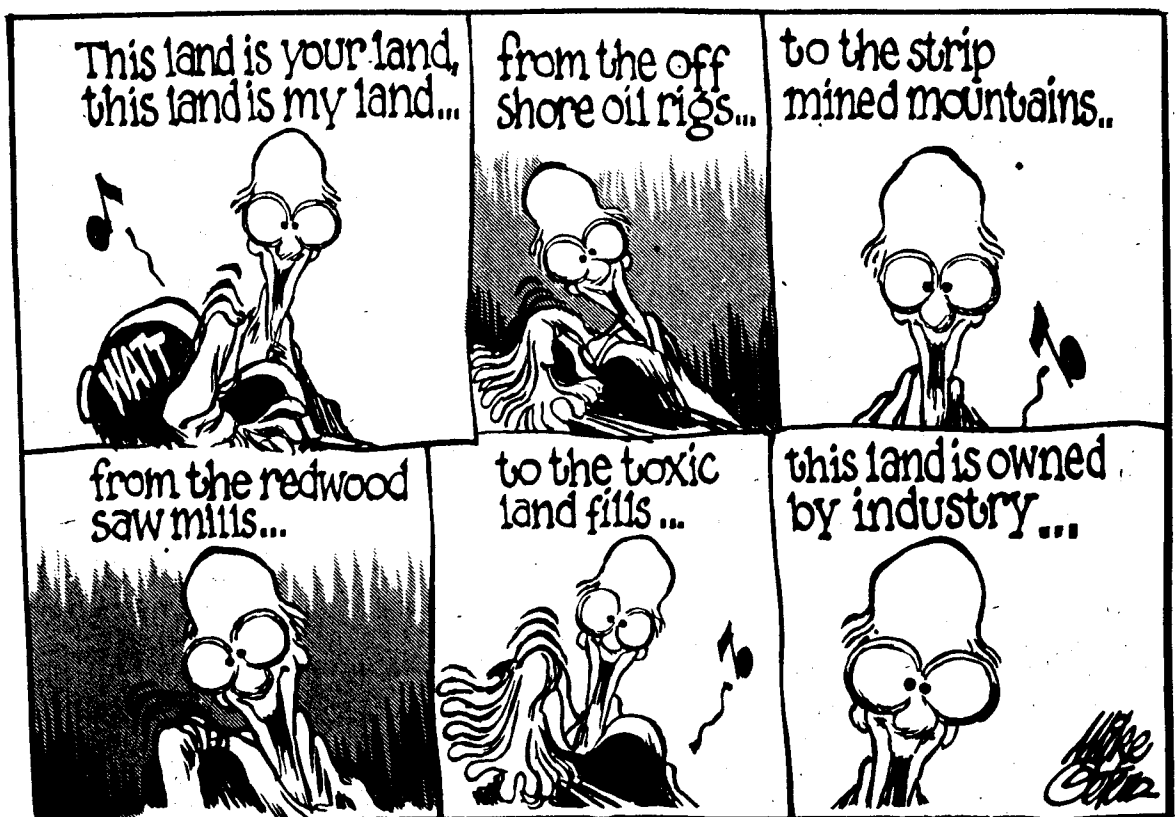
indoor antiseptic vacuums, as we fuel the mockery of healing arts that modern medical industries have become, the tiniest microbes are once again deadly adversaries, and our situation is ripe for pandemic. It is only a matter of time before our herds are thinned drastically.

Just as each element has its good side, they also have their bad sides ("bad" being relative to a humanist's perspective, nothing in nature, save human ignorance, can be evil).

In the decade to come, we will witness and fall victim to natural disasters the likes of which we have only the vaguest cultural memories. This cycle has already begun to crescendo towards cataclysm, and when the peoples of the sky, sea, fire and rock unleash their fury, humankind won't have time to tremble. From tornadoes to floods, earthquakes to volcanoes, the face of the earth and the lay of the land stands to be globally, drastically altered in a sudden, violent maelstrom. Continents will reshape; poles may shift, and deadly storms will erase the most fortified towns and population centers from the face of the earth. The planet will heal; our civilization will not.

Even though the social cataclysm that lies in humankind's near future seems hopeless, the environmental forces at play during These Fated Times are twice as impending. Looking at the timeline laid out by the seers of the past and evidence apparent by studying the cycles of the present, just when the forces that would enslave our kind seem to be crushing the population, the environment will kick all of our asses. As with all of the intricacies and generalities of this age, the societal and environmental, as well as all other, spheres affect and are affected by each other in a vast web of cosmic mechanics. With the space allowed and language structure available, this interconnectedness of everything is difficult to translate, and some of the specifics are discussed in other articles of "The World According to Matt." take it as a whole; look at the big picture, and be honest with yourself. This way of living that the Evil Empire has finally globally enforced has brought us to the brink of total disaster, and at this point we cannot reason with nature. All we can do is prepare for the worst and rejoice in the victory the planet has set in motion. For Europeans, this is the first lifetime since Rome turned Christian that we can honestly say the next life will be in a better, evolutionarily correct walk.

--Matt Toczko





to Matt



The Beast's web is upon you

Many ancient languages have a sort of "subgroup" of letters that make up a "magickal alphabet." These include, among others, the Greeks, Hebrews, Celts, and Norse. The magickal alphabets of these peoples (which vary in length, and in some cases even phonically) serve as symbols with different correspondences and magickal/divinatory values. In studying this and talking to friends, a very scary realization was made.

In ancient Hebrew times, it was a grave sin to speak God's name. The "real" name of God, JHVH, or Jehovah, was only known to an elite, educated order of theologians/mystics. In fact, the letter/sound "u" rarely appears in the everyday language of the time. To the common people, the forbidden name of God was Yaweh, with a "w" replacing the "v." There is also no "w" in the Hebrew magickal alphabet which strengthens a correspondence between it (as the common, everyday letter/sound) and "v" (the magickal alphabet equivalent). So, for the purposes of this warning, it is fair to draw a line of similarity between the common letter "w" and the magickal letter "v."

In the Hebrew magickal alphabet, each letter is correspondent to, among other aspects in an intricate system, a number. This relation is not chronological, per se, but as stated above, part of an elaborate web of associations. It just so happens that the letter "v"'s number is 6, and thus so is the letter "w," if you further extend the correspondence to the language of the common person. The Revelation states that "he who hath understanding may reckon the number of the beast, for it is a human number. His number is 666." The key to this cryptic phrase is held in the understanding of the difference between the magickal alphabet, or alphabet of God, and the language alphabet, or alphabet of humans. Judging by this double encrypted prophesy (the numerological code and the "...a human number..." correspondence), it is fair to assume that the number 666 also equals www. The Beast and the Anti-Christ are separate entities in the mythos of the referenced prophecy, and only the Anti-Christ is specifically personalized in human reference. The Beast is the World Wide Web, the Internet, with every "address" beginning with a "www."-- "666." It is also the same Beast spoken of in Native American prophesy that foretells of a great web being cast over the sky. Our government, and others under our world-wide empire's economic, technological totalitarianism, is making sure everyone gets a "www." number by pushing the Internet into commerce, communication, education and other sectors including the police and the military. The Revelation also states that the members of the Beast's society, the elite thereof, shall be affluent...

As new technology develops, stuff like digital T.V. (government funded and pushed) and fighter planes and boats without pilots, it gets

spookier. Think about the fact that virtual reality technology now exists that "hooks up" directly into the human body at the wrist and/or temple. Where was "the mark of the Beast" to be?

The rate at which our society, from the overclass down, is being ensnared in this web, and the fact that the government, corporations, and those in favor of Godmoney are pushing the Beast on the general populace is scary. It is soon to be in every school, home, and business and once in place it will tighten its economic, technological totalitarianism on our species. The man who first invented the car, forty years after the fact, wished he hadn't because he saw how that single invention changed society. Now we are blindly, and willingly, selling ourselves into that fabled web over the sky; 666; www. This is serious shit, folksies, and I, for one, will not be counted among that number, by that number. In These Fated Times the Unabomber is correct in message, if not in method. Be honest, remember our place, and smash hardware, not people!



Matt's World Atlas

Recently, a few people (well, two to be exact) brought to my attention that this column, "The World According to Matt," should include a works cited or reference list. I thought about it, and realized that this request was next to impossible. My comments and perceptions of the present situation and the truths I attempt to present stem from a large and constantly growing body of information assimilated through and into my mind, cross-indexed and corresponded on every level and put into perspective with the help of wisdoms and peoples consciously denied by most media. For those who feel the need, here is a brief list of what composes "The World According to Matt," besides me.

BOOKS:

God is Red by Vine Deloria
Psychedelic Experience by Timothy Leary (based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead)
21 Lessons of Merlin and other books by Douglas Monroe

Black Hole and Baby Universes and other essays and books by Stephen Hawkins
One Dimensional Man by Herbert Marcuse
The Sacred Mushroom & the Cross by John Allegro
any books by Scott Cunningham
any books by DJ Conway
Money and Class in America by Lewis Lapham
Roots of the Western Tradition by C. Warren Hollister
The Cosmic Code by Heinz Pagels
the information and studies encoded within the macabre "fiction" of HP Lovecraft
the symbolism apparent in the works of JRR Tolkien
more than a few books on or by Lame Deer, Sun Bear and Black Elk
many, many, more... the above being the biggies...

NEWS:

Newsweek magazine
The Nation magazine
National Public Radio (including AM BBC news)

other local newspapers as I find them laying around.

DIVINATIONS:

spectrumstones
numerology
some astrology
witan wands
tarot (Robinwood or Hanson-Roberts)
scrying (candle, embers, crystal sphere, mirror, tree canopy, clouds, creeks)
other world journeys
sleepscaping (ritually prepared dreaming, sometimes lucid) by the virtues of Arianrhod and Taliesin
communion with (primarily) trees, birds, and storms

It is my hope that these articles I submit will play a role both in helping people first make the initial crack in the prison of societal indoctrination, which begins with the first commercial we see as infants, and to secondly provide those who have made the jump to freer ground with further insights and examples of the depth and mechanics of the Evil we stand to oppose. These truths are the fuel by which the common sense of nature's balance may sear the lies which are this Evil Empire, as best as I can relate them here. Turn on to the wisdoms of the sentient environment, tune in to your ancestral memories, and drop out of the mind-set approved by the enemy.



Observations made at IPPN's "Independent Politics Summit'97"

On May 3, a friend and I attended a meeting of the Independent Progressive Politics Network in Decatur. I initially felt like an outsider: disillusioned with the nation's political system and attempts at its reform, but unsure of how my local involvement can improve public government. My daily work life is that of a (seemingly) middle-class office drone and not that of an organized labor group's rank and file. Though I try to stay well informed, I do not scrutinize the media's reports on issues as well as I should. After observing the conference's activities, I realized that I was not an outsider. I was part of the ingredients needed to synthesize a realization that many types of grassroots political reforms can unite against the right-wing, pro-corporate agenda that is strip-mining the well-being, civil rights, incomes and communities of the "average" American.

The conference's events were divided into sessions that focused on broad progressive topics: Labor's Lessons in Decatur, Welfare, Social Security and the Global Economy. Workshops brought a diverse audience together in small groups to discuss and propose solutions to the many issues: Living Incomes, Jobs and Healthcare for All, Building Labor/Community Alliances, Campaign Finance Reform, and many more.

The first session aimed to inform the audience about what can be learned from the struggles that three local unions endured in recent, heated labor-corporate contract disputes. Perhaps the most powerful fact that could be gleaned from the morning discussion, was that no matter what type of job an individual has – modern society is comprised of *workers* that suffer from a class warfare in this country. This warfare is evident from the economic violence that is waged by our government's preferred treatment of the "bottom line" over that of the families that toil in unjust conditions to output products increasingly harder for them to consume.

The representatives of A. E. Staley, Bridgestone and Caterpillar that spoke know full well about how national unions have weakened. A. E. Staley had the displeasure of experiencing the regional AFL-CIO brush off any possibilities of support in their struggle. At the bargaining table, Staley workers were poorly represented by UPIU (United Paperworkers International Union) that forced a vote on a company proposal that imposed: rotating 12-hour shifts (complete with a shifty mandatory overtime/no overtime pay requirement), a wage increase structure based on supervisor discretion and lower hourly rates that would inhibit pre-lockout levels, no amnesty for union activists that were fired and unlimited subcontracting rights that ultimately act as efficient union busting tool.

A United Rubber Worker brother related how the Bridgestone company forced a concessionary contract approval based on their powerful ability to "draw scabs in from all over the world." Again, poor national union representation resulted in a loss of an eight hour work day and many other hard-fought gains. Lorrell Patterson, a fiery UPIU member urged national labor leaders to "step down from their self-imposed pedestal and go to the poor (communities) and take care of them because these are the families that have to cross picket lines to feed their children."

Progressive unity must not just occur between labor and their nationals, but also with minority groups, young people and students and disenfranchised members of public and private workforces. This point rang true throughout the day. The nation's middle class and working class people have been led astray by the two party system that has championed the interests of corporations instead of the average member of society. We're all "workers" that have experienced political, social and financial inequities. It's the "workers" that will continue to struggle for the crumbs in the shrinking social program pie.

Media is relentless in portraying twenty-something culture as slackers. Sounds like an undermining plot to me! The conference was attended by a diverse demographic and age range – and it was the older, experienced

social-cause fighters that encouraged young people in attendance that there are plenty of social concerns that need their contributions.

It was refreshing to see that a fight for a living wage has been successful in some communities. David Reynolds, author of *Democracy Unbound* (a book that challenges the two party system), described how the Campaign for a Sustainable Milwaukee obtained living wage successes in that city. The city council requires a \$6.05 an hour wage for companies that have city contracts and a minimum wage of \$7.70 for school workers. A positive effect of this type of campaign is that it lends to other community concerns – training programs that combine education with employment for those who want to work and basic resources for credit-starved neighborhoods (mortgage assistance for small businesses, etc.).

A living wage campaign in Chicago is suffering from the negative propaganda that one would expect in this type of struggle. University of Chicago economists contend (without supporting evidence) that a living wage would drive up taxes. A living wage (an increase in minimum wage) would mean more consumer spending, less transient employment and actual increases in business investment. Perhaps it's the minimum wage entrenched Restaurant Associations and Chambers of Commerce that make the living wage concept so difficult to pass. Heaven forbid there be any public disclosure of the tax abatements, check promises and enterprise zone deals that they receive from local governments. Heaven forbid that the American public be privy to just how contradictory the Consumer Price Index and regional variations in the cost of living are to the minimum wage. Just imagine the opposition this campaign would face in the supposedly "economically secure" cities of Bloomington and Normal!

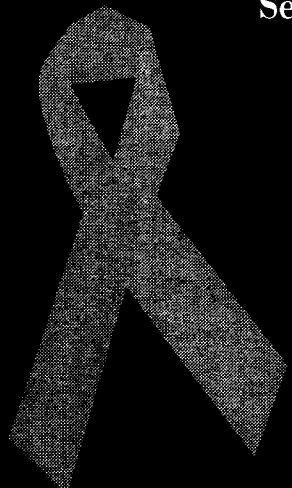
Reynolds also related how lobbying coalitions of labor and activist groups are achieving success. Environmentalists march with labor organizations that have work safety concerns; the gay community has assisted in the Colt Firearms Strike where job discrimination was of paramount concern.

Certainly fighting for a living wage, an end to discriminatory economic and social practices and proportional governmental representation should be of concern to the "McJob" generation. It is easy to scrawl "Subvert the dominant paradigm" on a barroom wall. But unless those who consider themselves socially conscientious organize, cuss and discuss, and act on the economic and social plagues in their own backyard, it'll be too easy to "go with the flow" of personal concerns. This conference showed that various third party's efforts make a significant difference by improving quality of life, bringing attention to issues that big money and big government would prefer to sweep under the carpet (environment, race and class discrimination, fair wage and tax systems, etc.) and organizing electoral campaigns that focus on the needs of people and not profits.

-- Eve Rey-Day Worker

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Signed, Hesitant.

Dear Hesitant:

By all means, DO NOT, I repeat, DO NOT let young children play with those precious Lamie Laddies™! Keep them boxed up and stick them in the farthest part of your closet. Grubby little hands and drool will not increase the value of Lamie Laddies™. In three years, you'll be lucky to get a dime for these cute creatures at your annual garage sale if you let your children play with them. Lamie Laddies™ are not intended for children.

Dear Dr. Lamey:

I overheard that a man in Bloomington/Normal bought 50 Crappy Meals™ at IckyD's in order to get the Teenie Lamie Laddies™. Is this true? Did he eat all of the Crappy Meals™ or did he throw them away. With all the food shortages, especially in North Korea, this greatly concerns me.

For your consideration, Crappy

Dear Crappy:

Get over it. I can't believe you put the health and welfare of Communists over Lamie Laddies™. Like what are you supposed to do, send all your unused food over to Korea in a big box. *That'll work.* If you are really concerned about the Korean children, you can donate one of your Lamie Laddies™ (but don't send a retired one!) to a starving Korean child. I'm sure they'll appreciate the generous thought.

Dear Lamie:

I've noticed that the Lamie Laddie™ hoopla is much greater in the B/N area as it is in other parts of the U.S. Is there a reason why?

From Hoopla.

Dear Hoopla,

You know, there is a reason why Straight Farm and other conservative corporations picked B/N for their headquarters. The population base is perfect for the breeding of mass conformity and stalemate ideas. These attributes, nonetheless, lead to a large body of people all having the same tastes. If you don't believe me, check out all of the mini vans and Chinese restaurants in town! Why™, the makers of Lamie Laddies™ are proud to be chosen as a favorite in the community.

Dear Lamie:

My niece is soon graduating from high school and I would like to get her something that will increase over time. I've thought about a



savings bond, but I am now seriously considering buying a Lamie Laddy™. My neighbor just got \$800.00 for a retired Bongo the Monkey and only paid \$5.00 for it. Lamie, what is the smart decision?

A reader from Clinton

Dear Clinton,

If I were you, I wouldn't be wasting my time and money over government bonds. How long does a \$50.00 bond take to mature anyway? Instead, the smart thing to do with your money and for the welfare of your niece, is to buy a soon to be retired Lamie Laddy. Unlike a savings bond, its value will increase 20x+ within the next few months. The government doesn't need anymore of your money.

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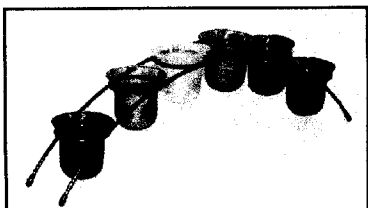
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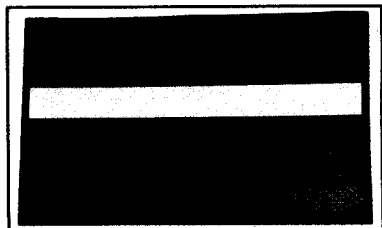
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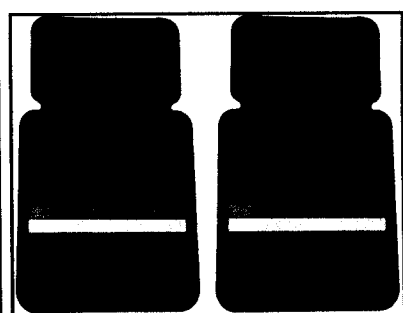
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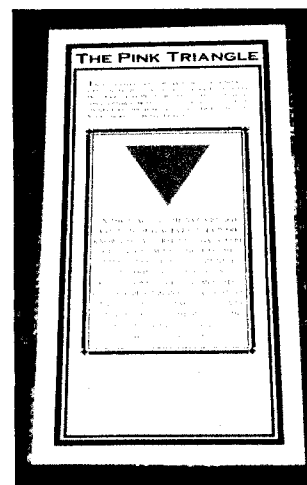


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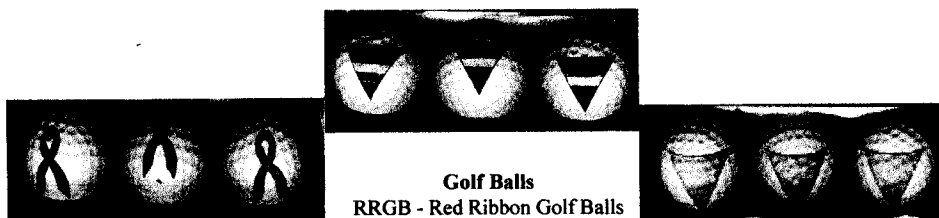
RBUMB - 54 inch Rainbow Golf Umbrella
(\$2.50 extra shipping on this item)



The Pink Triangle Poster

In 1935 the Nazi's assigned all homosexual prison camp inmates the PINK TRIANGLE! The Triangle should be displayed with pride in honor of those who died and as a reminder of some who still promote hate, bigotry, and intolerance towards others.

PT-1 - Pink Triangle Poster \$6.50 ea



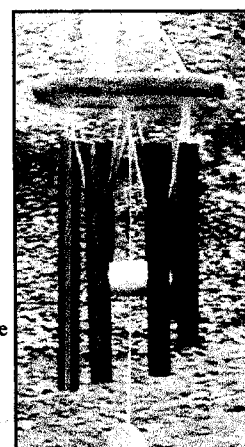
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RRGB - Red Ribbon Golf Balls
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Seeing Red

Murder most foul

APRIL 24-As this is written images of explosions and gunfire at the Japanese embassy in Peru present themselves on the TV screen. Fujimori parades in a bright blue flak jacket. U.S. experts gravely congratulate Peru for its successful strike against "terrorism:" seventy-one of seventy-two hostages survived--an amazing figure given the apparent ferocity of the Peruvian military's attack.

The death of fourteen essentially peaceful Túpac Amaru guerrillas--members of the MRTA--is barely mentioned. It is understood that amongst civilized society this is not something to dwell upon.

Once again--here's a warning call to the soul of all prospective journalists--the cravenness of the media is on display. No one raises the question obvious even to my six year-old daughter: why did all those people die?

No adult will publicly ask this question because the answer cannot be spoken: Murder. Premeditated murder.

Murder all the more foul because the guerrillas gave their lives without harming a single hostage. Their goal was simple: "to have their demands fulfilled while providing the maximum protection for the lives of their prisoners," as European MRTA spokeswoman Norma Velazco put it.

The truth of the guerrillas' vow not to harm anyone ended written in their own blood.

But the kept press can only harp on the word "terrorist," repeating it mantra-like to dull the brain to the complete absence of any other content.

With the "hostages" free and the "terrorists" dead, hellish prison conditions and desperate Peruvian poverty no longer rate even a nod or casual mention. The propaganda machine hews unwaveringly to public relations principle #1: "k.i.s.s." (keep it simple, stupid)--the good

people are OK now, the bad people won't bother them any more.

No doubt in coming days "questions will be raised," and, admittedly, almost of them will come from good-hearted journalists (some of them acquaintances of mine).

Perhaps a scholarly book may appear within the next half a decade in which a "serious doubt" or two may be expressed. Hell, there could even be a generally truthful, if Olympian, article in The New Yorker.

In the unlikely event that the scandal of what actually happened inside the Japanese embassy get the play it deserves, some official somewhere might even concede that "mistakes were made."

All of which will amount to pissing in the face of a media tidal wave--but not even, for the tsunami will be long gone.

Of course tonight details are not yet in hand, but the real story is crystal clear: the Peruvian government has just murdered fourteen people in the presence of hundreds of reporters--fourteen people whose crime me was to stand up for elementary democratic rights.

Whatever future, just society they dreamt of, they acted not as wild-eyed revolutionaries--and certainly not as terrorists--but simple civil libertarians.

These now-dead, primarily teenage idealists really asked for very little: just a few millimeters of space within the imperial vise. They could not abide secret trials conducted by judges wearing black hoods--trials where there was no accuser to confront or refute, trials without appeal, or prisons where no food or heat was offered, but torture and rape were plentiful.

Recall a few more of the revelations brought to light by the embassy seizure--revelations that otherwise would never appeared even in the august pages of those ostensibly offering "all the news fit to print." (see March Lumpen Times' article by Chris Gaal)--since 1980 over 30,000 Peruvians have been executed and some 600,000 made refugees by government

death squads and their soulmate, the Shining Path organization. -thousands are in jail for no crime other than opposing government policies, many under conditions like the "living grave" of Callao prison--in 2x3 meter cells buried 8 meters underground--or the frozen Yanamayo high-security facility where nearly naked prisoners live with one thin blanket in windowed but unglazed and unheated cells 12,700 feet above sea-level. (This is where US journalist Lori Berenson is jailed, in what the New York Times delicately described as "a high-altitude prison.") -both prisoners and even those not convicted of crimes face torture as a "routine" government practice, according to Amnesty International.

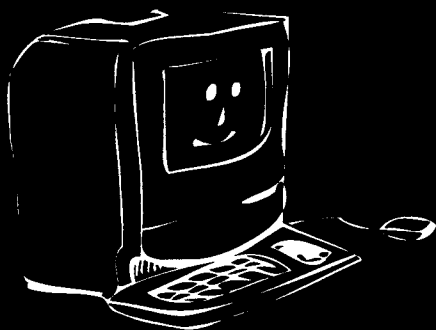
Then there's the small matter of the homicidal living conditions confronting the majority of Peruvians, especially children. Only one in ten adult Peruvians can claim a full-time job. Even generous statistics admit that 17% of the population live in "extreme poverty," i.e., on the verge of starvation. A mere 64%-- 14 million of Peru's 22 million people--live below the poverty line.

But the fifteen minutes allotted for all this is long gone, and so soon will be the media coverage of the events at the Japanese embassy. What the brutal execution of prison reformers--and its willful mis-representation as an "anti-terrorist triumph by the media--is supposed to leave is a bloody message of intimidation to those daring to seek change.

At nearly this very time twenty-six years ago, New York state police unleashed an assault on rebellious convicts who had seized Attica prison and taken hostages in a desperate protest against inhuman conditions. The police assault left some 43 dead.

That assault, too, was supposed to leave a bloody message of intimidation. But what survived instead are the words of the insurgent prisoners--words that now belong to the dispossessed of Peru and of the world: "We are men, not beasts, and shall not be driven as such. This is but the sound before the fury of those who are oppressed."

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Behind the curtain

The explosion of Albanians into armed insurrection has like midnight lightning revealed a startling new scene. It's a scene forever altered by the nameless dispossessed who have seized it in cracked and work-worn hands.

They have simply dissolved Albania's armed forces and police, and substituted an armed population that is in the process of organizing itself into governing councils. Whatever limitations there are on this process now--and no matter what the outcome--today it's safe to say that Albania is the most democratic country in Europe.

The nerve!

Of course to the capitalists and their media, the population's rude intrusion into matters best handled by their betters is simply appalling: it's "anarchy." Why "armed gangs," not proper authorities are in control! So speaks the New York Times.

But they and their class have no choice but to deal with it. In Albania everything is changed.

That's what happens when the audience storms the stage. Before that--in ordinary times--everyone is just a spectator, and politics mere theater. Everything is stylized lies and deceptions, swallowed by spectators and actors alike.

Almighty Oz

Was it only one U.S. president ago that the West declared victory in the Cold War and proclaimed a New World Order? That the kept press blared the triumph of freedom and democracy?

Was it even a year ago that now-tottering dictator Sali Berisha was feted at the White House, embraced as a shining leader of new democracy? That pyramid investment schemes promised a river of capitalist prosperity?

Now these artifices lie trampled under countless ill-shod feet, and reality asserts itself.

House lights

Truth is that the West was never wanted *democracy* in Eastern Europe. The imperialist powers only wanted to reimpose *capitalism* there—to their own benefit, of course.

Truth is that "new democrat" Berisha presided over the crude swindling of Albania's population—wringing some US\$2 billion (equal to 50% of the gross national product) from the already profoundly impoverished. Truth is that Berisha stole elections, wielded secret police, and tried to bomb and machine-gun his own population—checked only by the refusal of soldiers to obey his orders. (They'd already been disarmed and dispersed by the people themselves, or won over to refusing immoral orders.)

Truth is Berisha is the most hated man in Albania—not because he's a one-time good guy "backed too long," as one Western diplomat told the New York Times—but because he is a dictator who betrayed his people to Western predators for personal gain—and *that is precisely why he had U.S. support.*

That's why U.S. Secretary of State Madeline Albright—two weeks into the revolt—proposed the U.S. military seize Albania's capital and the southern port city of Vlora, heart of the popular insurgency.

And that's why the West is scrambling to find a crack—a "humanitarian" or "security" pretext—to insert its forces into Albania against the popular insurgency.

Nonetheless, rebels surround the capital of yet another Washington darling—and his imperial backers are reduced to mere plotting.

Behold Berisha: the Mobuto of Europe.

Underneath

Just like the Zapatistas in Mexico—denigrated as mere Indian peasants in the country's most backward state—blew apart Mexican and even international politics, so does the Albanian insurgency resonate far beyond the country of perhaps 3.5 million.

Just like the Zapatistas, the dispossessed exploded a universally-accepted piece of theater: for the Zapatistas it was the absurd fiction of Mexico sharing in First World democracy and prosperity; for the Albanians it was ... the absurd fiction of Eastern Europe sharing in First World democracy and prosperity.

Now Washington and its allies face the nightmare of armed insurgent workers in "newly-freed" Eastern Europe.

And so an even deeper truth—heretical yet obvious—is revealed: *it was the West that lost the Cold War.*

Backwards

After all, the Cold War was itself a defeat, forced on the U.S. by unexpected eruptions at the very start of the self-proclaimed "American Century." True, Washington crushed all its capitalist rivals (including England and France) in World War #2, but its scripted overthrow of the Soviet Union somehow turned into the end of capitalism in Eastern Europe and China. Meanwhile, uppity natives wrested direct control of India, Indochina and the continent of Africa from imperial hands.

The West was able to salvage *one* critical weapon: in the non-capitalist countries workers and farmers were shackled by Stalinist dictatorships.

Thus Churchill's fabled "Iron Curtain" soundbite ironically stood both for the West's

inability to reimpose capitalism and the joint Western/"communist" imposition of rule for the Stalinists'.

Forward

And Stalinist rule did collapse, for as Fidel Castro said, "socialism without democracy" yields "something worse than capitalism." But the transfer of ownership westward has yet to materialize—small matter of the vassals objecting to joining the Third (not the promised First) World.

Still, today's picture is neither simple nor pretty: Western pressure is greater than ever, including the engineered deployment of NATO forces inside Yugoslavia. The Stalinists—now open gangsters busy enriching themselves—have hardly vanished, despite being weakened and stripped of their "Communist" cover. And Eastern workers and farmers—burdened with more than 50 years of dictatorship—are just beginning to learn what life under capitalism would be like.

But the Albanians have made it clear: they're learning, and they're learning fast.

--Eckardt [seckardt@aol.com] is a Chicago railway mechanic and a widely-traveled political writer.

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The Poetry Page

The Russian Revolutionists

prepare to revolt
for the avant-garde appearance
They spit in streets where people walk unamused
then shouted to poor workers who did not know better
without having been inspired in quite this way
They never asked question regarding human order
for there was none-only creativity's chaotic beckon
They could not wait for the senseless child's turning ear
or the homeless beggars holiday splurge
The only thing they could do was
write their words upon a permanent badge
still knowing identification would be checked at the door

Come!
enter their world of forward rage
Determine the justice that God never intended
humans to understand
Recount a tale of past which can explain the future
it is deemed to arrive after your shallow death
The day when you think you're too young to die
yet too old to cry like a baby your momma once held
in her skinny rocking arms
For this is the time of change
Think and breathe like you are not the self you claimed you were
Yesterday
Lift up the blistered hand to the raging sky
and Exclaim!

Destiny has long since operated
upon your touch-tone body
until no sensation is recognized as foreign
All becomes one
in this time
They have become you
In their ever-longed for future
is only your repressed heart
of their final chance at freedom

We are living in the end of time
awaiting the flame that will envelop us
consume the already rotting flesh
Each day our body cells die
each moment new ones are born
Reclaim this new body
then burn in destiny's fire
only to rise again in glory

--Caroline Pyevich

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reject any poem.

The Sea of Life

Life was formed in the sea,
Life emerged from the sea,
Death returns life to the sea,
The sea of life.

In life there are many things taken from the sea,
These are the many experiences of life from the sea,
The sea of life.

Each time you come forth you bring different experiences with you from the sea,
Each time you return you bring different experiences with you to the sea,
The sea of life.

What you take from the sea when born is the sea's trial for you,
What you take to the sea in death is your gift to the sea,
The sea of life.

--Laurie Thompson

The Empty Man

The Empty Man sat on a bench,
lost and glazed was his stare. Slowly,
a child approached the Empty Man and
quizzically asked "Why are you Empty
Man?"

He looked at the child detached and
relied "I haven't always been an
Empty Man, I used to have a heart
and soul filled with love and sunshine. I used
to have rainbows and the smile of a beautiful
woman. I had many years of happiness
that were snatched away. That is
why I am what I am now."

Suddenly the child's mother's voice
boomed, "Timmy, get away from him!
He's an Empty Man!"

She was right.

--Anonymous

Over Instant Coffee

The sophisticated me and the business you
coily glance as if we did not know
what each wanted
then we disregard the chance meeting
like an old lotto ticket
that no one ever bothered to scratch

--Caroline Pyevich



Color

I asked him if their were lighters
with flames to match the plastic
Purple sparks for purple containers
or pink hues in a pink box
he said it was impossible
to make such a crazy thing
flame is fire
and fire is physics
the equation is balanced
As it is
math formulas don't change
For cigarette lighters

Yellow flames are easy to make
natural
pink hues will never be
wasted on cig: rettes-
whose smoke travels through blue skies
yellow sun
then disappears

--Caroline Pyevich

Family

I've been sitting round thinking,
About my brothers and my sisters
in my large, extended family.
Fellow hipsters just like me.
They see me, and I know them;
right away I know them
and they too know me.
Many people don't understand
what it is I'm talking about.
But the hipsters know just what I'm saying.
We live for life!
We don't mind getting high!
We've been all around the world!
They see me, and tell me
beware up there, the rollers are out
ready to catch you
But I won't ever get caught
knockonwood.
For my brothers and sisters are always
watching out for me, and
me too for them.
Thousands of eyes watching is always
better than only 2.
I see my brother over there,
standing on the corner, causing no harm
but he does have a little charm.

Rather a tasty treat
that everyone wants to eat!
It smells sooo sweet
and smokes so fine.
Thank god for the Kind!
And the lazy summer days
sun shining on my family
my hair is my badge
and I wear it for all to see
my tie-die is bright and loud
just so much as
the character within me.
I am strong, and so's the family.
Watch out for one another
and we will never wander ary.
Sitting over yonder I see a sister
cooking up some food, for all
the passersby, she's yelling "grilled cheese"
a buck a piece. What a great day,
the air of music filling the air,
the smell of nugs drifting by the breeze
and the whole family come together
to enjoy a day at the show.

--Jeff Emberton

A Painting by Goya

May third, 1808,
a painting by Goya,
his hands are in the
air, sojoors aim
their rifles at him
an his comrades, he
is on his knees, you
travel in the picture
to him, he is so tall,
even on his knees, if
he were ta stand up,
he would dwarf evree
man on the battlefield,
and he is wearing
yellow pants, sun
going down into
the ground, he
is on the hero
journey, and he
will return, like
Apollo over the hill,
a great moment
never does die,
the paint is always
wet on the canvas
of a great moment.

--John Firefly

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Underground Barfly

I'm sure all of you Post readers will be glad to know that there was just enough room to squeeze in some more rants of (dun-dun-dunnnn)The Underground Barfly!

Usually I critique at least two watering holes, but this time I decided that I didn't really care to critique any watering holes. They are all good--after a few beers and/or shots. The price of the sacred juice doesn't really matter when drunk (unless you're broke) and everything (and everyone) is beautiful when that high speed wobble kicks in, no matter what kind of a dump you decided to visit. However, there is certain etiquette that one must follow when the rose colored glasses that alcohol imposes begin to take affect.

When observing the beautiful surroundings of whatever hole you are in, remember that you shouldn't let the other guy's (or girl's) sweetie look too beautiful. Even rose colored glasses can't prevent a black eye. Speaking of black eyes, remember that not everyone gets the privilege of receiving those wonderful specs. There are some people, we'll call them "assholes," who would like to drink a lot of a certain alcohol, we'll call it "whiskey," and beat people for no apparent reason.

These "assholes" are obviously best to be avoided. I can give you a few tips on how to achieve this goal without getting a black eye. First of all identification is very important. To identify the "asshole" simply look around the establishment you have decided to bless with your presence, and if you see or hear a loud, obnoxious drunken fool, it's probably safe to say that this person is an "asshole." To avoid any possible negative confrontation, simply do an about face and forward march. I know I said that I would give you a few tips on how to identify the "asshole," but if you really need more than the one I just gave you, you really shouldn't be going out of your house at all.

Well, I'm kind of out of advice for the time being so I will end this by saying: What the heck; invite yourself to one, or all of the various pubs in our fair city. They are all worthy of at least a beer or two. But remember this: after you have lubed your brain, don't drink and drive.



Always the last to know

What is up with this cloning bullshit? Can any human, in sane mind, really think this is a good idea? Have the humanist philosophies, driven mad in our era of gross imbalance, really blinded us this badly? If we have survived this far, as a species, without the purported benefits of this technology, can we truly believe that we need them now in light of the hideous potential abuses? What technology hasn't at least the government abused? If we do need this technology, can we even condone the society that necessitates it?

What are we doing, and what have we done?

That is right: What have we done? Chances are, there are those among us who have already cloned humans, or who have come monstrously close. As with other diabolical technologies (away, N!), those with the resources and security have taken the steps with approval from beyond governments, and are gauging public reaction to see how much they can tell us.

Look at how the story broke. On day one, mainstream media news reported that UK scientists had cloned a sheep. The public was assured, however, that sheep are special cases, with genetic anomalies that make them more susceptible to the procedure. It was printed that no other animal could be cloned with current technologies, and that human cloning was still strictly science fiction.

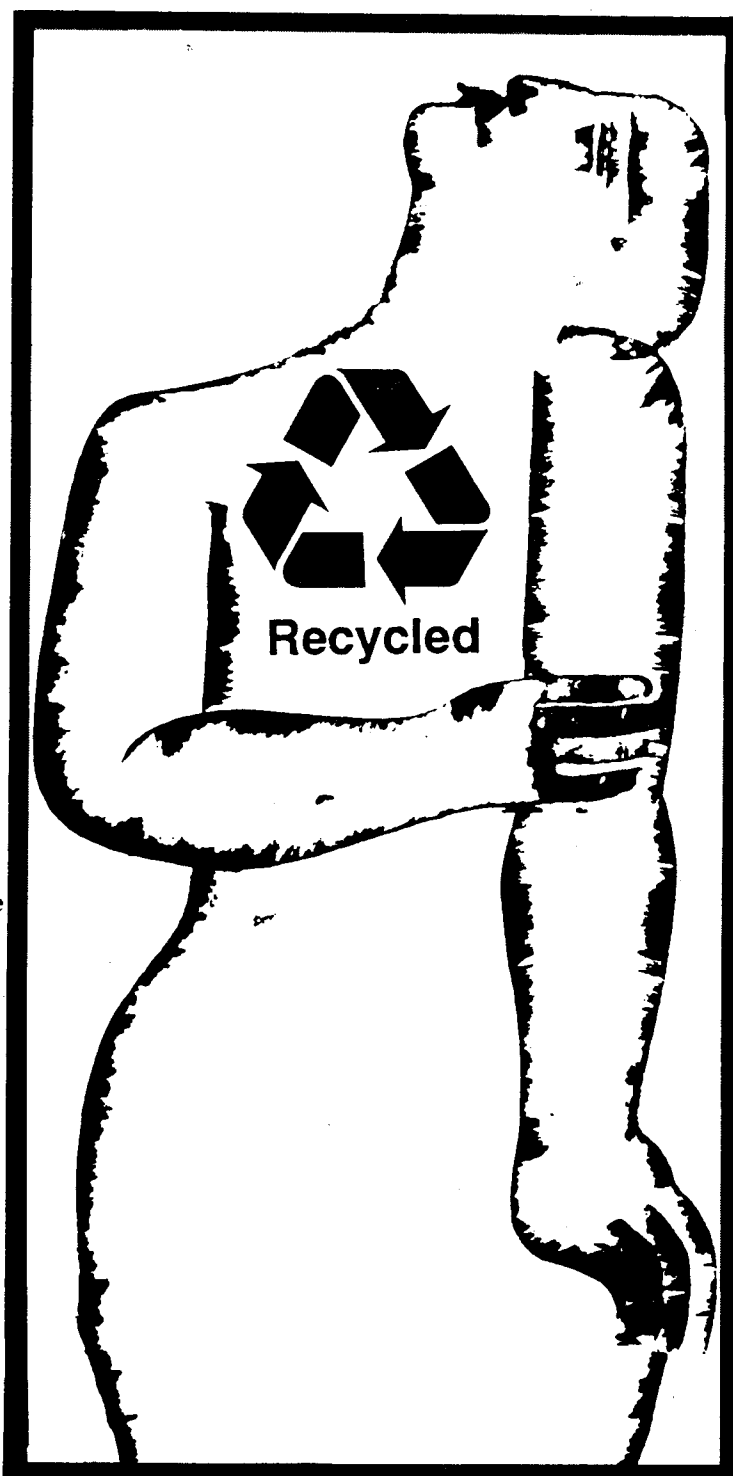
A few days later, news breaks that, here in the US, scientists have suddenly cloned monkeys, primates that have only tiny genetic differences from humans. This revelation came after relatively little public concern over the sheep story. With this primate occurrence, there was a far greater public negative response, and the government separated itself (financially) from any further research. This is bizarre. After funding this research for untold years, they take away the funding as

soon as it starts to bear fruit? But, on the other hand, if the final results and capabilities were achieved, and no one really knew about it, cutting the funds is only good ethical publicity and an even further distraction for the sugar-coated masses.

A couple of days later, the scientist who cloned sheep in Britain made another press statement. He stressed that he was morally opposed to cloning people, but that privately funded research could achieve *homo sapien* cloning in a matter of years. In one week, cloning people went from strictly sci-fi to a matter of years. This release also served as a stopper, a "wait and see indefinitely, you can stop thinking about it now" kind of deal.

Every citizen should be freaked out by this. Not only is the technology wrong and dangerous in epic proportions, but those who control it have made obvious efforts to conceal the hideous truth behind their work. If you look at how many other issues in our face-paced, info-bombarded lives bounce briefly in and out of public scrutiny, it is apparent how much shit is being swept under Uncle Sam's rug, hopefully never to be discovered by the We The People who would stop it. Under this rug lie the truths about cloning, extraterrestrial life, the seedy motivations behind the drug war, Christian manipulation in legislature, and the overclass's plans for our futures.

-- Pierre Gomez





Meet the Posties

The questions

1. What would you do with 20 bucks?
2. If you were a tree, what kind of tree would you be?
3. Recent books/ films/ cd's you recommend.
4. Fave B/N restaurant
5. Plain or peanut?
6. Favorite leisure activity?
7. How many pairs of jeans do you own?
8. Ever been arrested?
9. What color dominates your wardrobe?
10. Favorite drug.

The answers

Sherrin

1. Go out for a few glasses of Johnny Walker Black.
2. Dog wood.
3. Anne Perry's the Cater Street Hangman/When We Were Kings/From Pumps to Pompadour - the David Johansen Story.
4. Delgados - coolest servers in Bloomington/Normal and many veggie options.
5. Peanut - as long as the peanuts were raised humanely.
6. Renting a video.
7. Zero that currently fit.
8. I'll take the fifth.
9. Earthtones.
10. I'll take the fifth.

David

1. I'd buy an eighth.
2. Probably a dogwood.
3. Playboy Playmate of the Year/Pulp Fiction/ Beatles Anthology 3
4. Delgado's
5. Plain
6. Sleeping
7. 4
8. Yes
9. Blue
10. Pot

Linda

1. Farm & Fleet - 20 bucks goes a long way there.
2. A hawthorn. Nice but prickly.
3. Savage Inequalities by Kozol/Girls Town/ Ani DiFranco, Living in Clip
4. Old Country Buffet - best salad bar in town - most amusing people watching spot.
5. Peanut.
6. Lounging about.
7. 3
8. Nope. (whew!)
9. The B's (brown, blue and black)
10. Caffeine of any kind.

Matt

1. I'd like to answer that, but I'll plead the right to not incriminate myself.
2. Hmmm, well, if you go by the Celtic Ogham system probably Gort, Ivy.
3. Definitely the music groups Rusted Root and Rage vs. the Machine. See the World According to Matt for books... As for movies go, I'd check out Flight of Dragons and Koyanisqatsi.
4. Chow down on Micheleo's Pizza in the comfort of your own home.
5. Almond.
6. Leisure? Uh, what's that?
7. Three and a half.
8. Twice, but no convictions 'cause I know when they cross the pig threshold.
9. all and none. I'm partial to blues and greens.



"Susie"--a Bloomington original

She was a downtown Bloomington original, a salt of the earth survivor, who not only fed the multitude but served up her opinions too--"Susie" of Susie's Cafe on North Main Street, who died March 19.

In modern mall America, where everything looks alike and restaurants have "themes," Susie was an original that no franchise could ever duplicate.

Born Elizabeth Swearingen in 1924 in McLean, this hard working woman worked at a number of restaurants and stores before taking over the "Busy Bee" on East Front Street in 1956. She changed its name to the "Happy Inn Cafe," but no matter the sign outside, it was always "Susie's."

Urban renewal closed her Front Street door in 1980, so she moved to 602 North Main, opening "Susie's Cafe."

Susie's was always a great place to bring out of town visitors. They were first amazed at the reasonable prices and then made true believers by the quality food. Freezer bags of prepackaged restaurant items were few at Susie's--this was serious home-made cooking.

Susie's was always more than a good meal. It was an atmosphere and a setting. The booths and tables were utilitarian, nothing fancy. The coffee mugs were thick and solid, and, according to some critics, so was the coffee. The TV, tuned to all-star wrestling, hummed in the background, until the afternoon soaps came on--then Susie joined her patrons at the counter. If you wanted to eat after 2 p.m. you'd best be prepared to wait for a commercial break and the cook paused from watching "the soaps" to return to her stove.

At Susie's, there was room for everyone. Lunch or breakfast might find a group of lawyers at one table, construction workers at another and university students at a third.

You could tease Susie and joke with her, but you better mind your manners, keep your children seated and not get out of line. If you broke the rule you risked Susie shouting at you from the kitchen, cutting the air with her spatula, her eagle eye not only watching the grill but every customer present.

Susie was also an artist. With a quick sweep of the magic marker she not only posted her menus, tacking them to various walls, but also pithy words of wisdom like: "To all you clods, and this means you! Keep your feet on the floor, your butt on the seat and comb your hair in the bathroom!"

Her son Robert expanded the restaurant and menu and updated the decor. Susie ruled by day and Bobby by night. He would prepare for his evening patrons by dimming the lights and turning off the TV--which was only good for a few minutes, until his Mom came behind him, turning the light and TV back up.

Susie had two soft spots--the St. Louis Cardinals and the down and out. The walls were decorated with garage sale bric-a-brac, featuring feathered cardinals flying about, along with autographed photos and team line-ups for the St. Louis baseball regulars.

If there was a Cubs-Cardinals match, always sure to fire up Central Illinois rivalries, plenty of remarks and jokes would fly at Susie's. Some Cub fans even got brave enough while the Cardinals were down a few years ago to march into Susie's with a Cardinal doll in a coffin.

The hungry found a friend in Susie. She would grouse and complain about the poor, saying "why don't they get a job." For all that tough talk, she was one softie. As long as the person in need was sober, there'd be a bowl of soup and a cup of coffee for them.

Susie was the last "pie card" in town. "Pie cards" date back to 19th century railroad and lumber camps. A worker paid at the end of the

month could buy a "pie card," a pass for meals, good for so many visits, when they got their monthly check. If they ran out of money before month's end, at least they could eat.

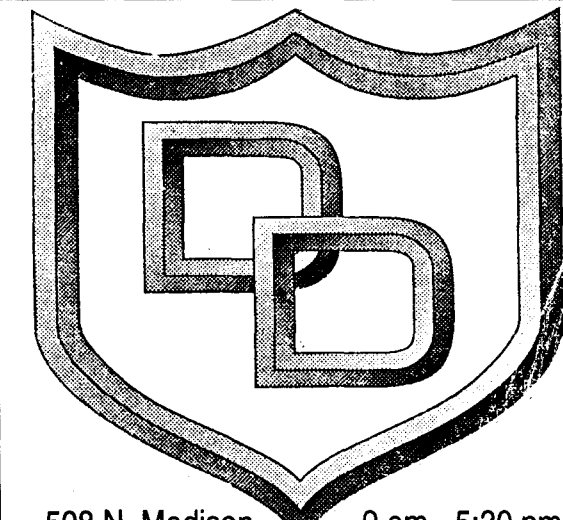
Susie was the "pie card" for lots of fixed income folks in town. Some even over-ran their limit, but no one ever went hungry.

Toward the end Susie wasn't feeling well. Her mobility was limited and she couldn't stand at the stove like she used to. She still sat by the back door, a TV tray in front of her and a calculator, totaling receipts, or peeling potatoes for those fine morning hash browns.

Susie's will be missed. For those with enough sense to avoid the strip malls and McDonald's, a plate of eggs and bacon and potatoes was waiting for breakfast, a big, steaming bowl of goulash for lunch. Bloomington won't be the same without that good woman. In your memories, just remember Susie standing tall at the grill, a bright cardinal red blouse beneath her apron, her spiffy beehive hairdo always nicely done and her spatula cued for action. There won't be another one like her.

--Mike Matjeka
Livingston & McLean Counties Union News





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Are big corporations behaving morally?

Is this country in a moral decline? Are our standards of decency, humanity, justice and politeness going down the tubes?

Rather than looking at rebellious welfare moms or surly teens to answer that question, why not look at our society's powerhouses - big corporations. Are they being moral in how they deal with their employees, consumers and the environment?

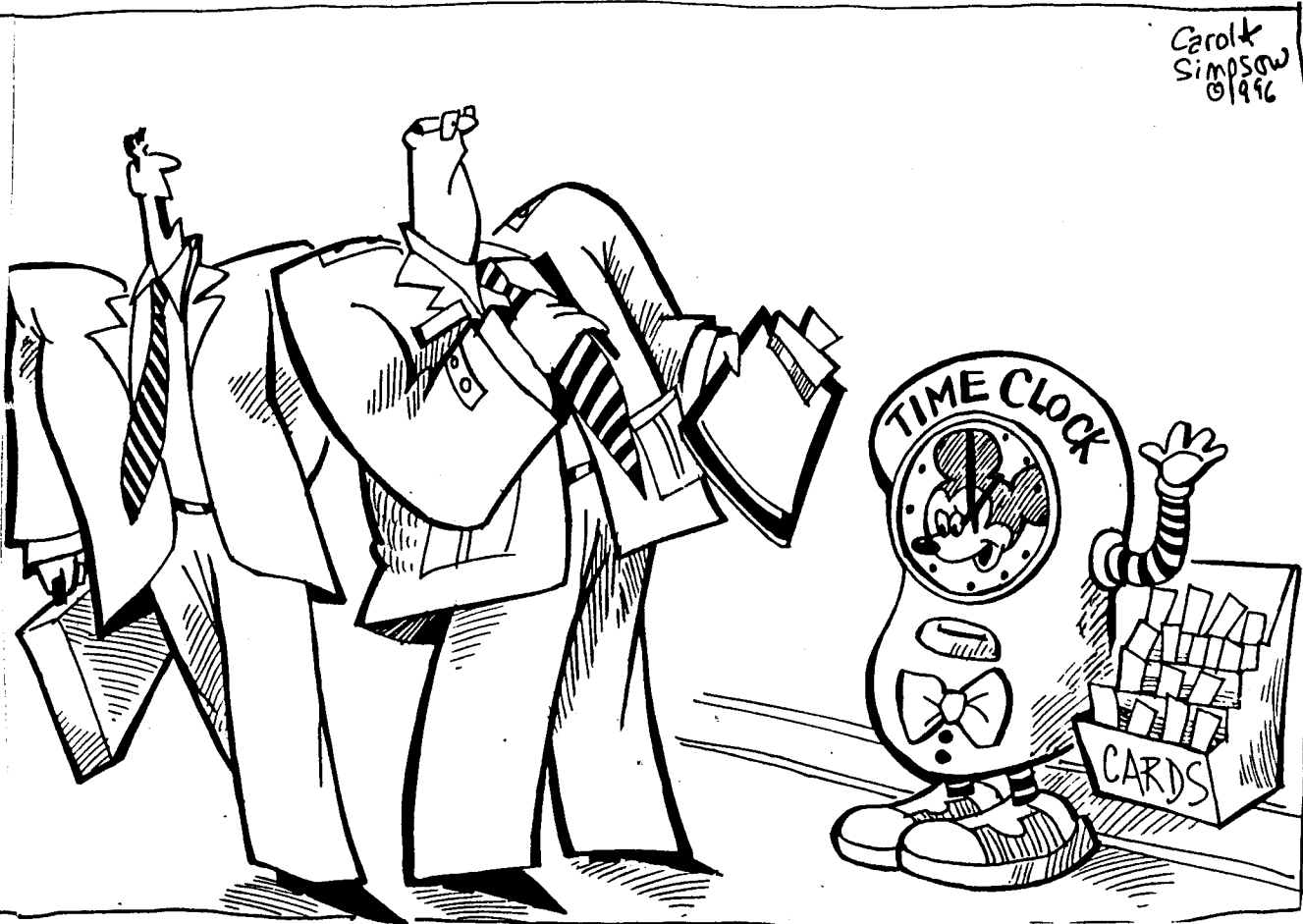
The magazine *Multinational Monitor* recently came up with its list of heavy hitters from the corporate world that the magazine labeled as "immoral."

You probably know all these names imagine if they spent half of what they spend on advertising treating people right.

Archer Daniels Midland - They were recently in the news for pleading guilty to various felonies. ADM paid a \$ 100 million fine for a conspiracy to fix prices and allocate sales of lysine, a livestock feed additive, and citric acid, a consumer food additive. This price rigging cost producers and consumers millions. Despite pleading guilty, ADM executives escaped prosecution, including that friend of U.S. Presidents (Republican and Democrat), board chair Dwayne Andreas.

Caterpillar - They've proven you can violate labor law and escape serious punishment. The National Labor Relations Board issued more than 300 unfair labor practices during Caterpillar's five-year campaign against the UAW and so far has escaped serious punishment.

Daishowa, Inc. - This Japanese multinational timber companies won logging licenses to 4,000 square miles of timber in Alberta, Canada. These licenses are disputed by the Lubicon Cree Indians who live there. Attempting to pressure Daishowa, activists began boycotting the paper bags made by the company. The company then



"What makes you think we have UNDERAGE employees?"

sued the boycott organizers for interfering with their business.

Daiwa Bank, Ltd. - How does a bank lose a billion? This Japanese bank, with offices worldwide, paid a \$340 million criminal fine in the U.S. The charges were for selling customer records

Disney - There's a dark side to the Magic Kingdom, the sweatshops where Disney-licensed clothes are made. Disney is using five Haitian factories to produce children's clothing, where workers are paid as little as \$1 a day. Compare this to the \$38.9 million in cash and severance options to Michael Ovitz,

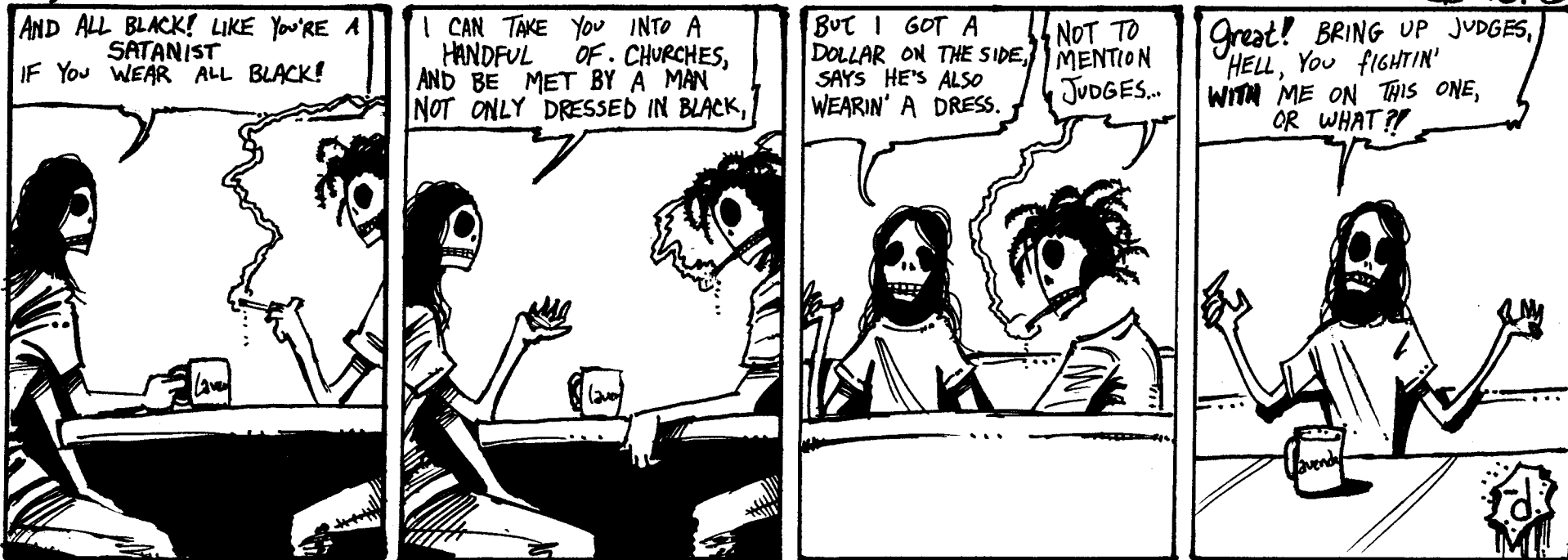
who resigned recently as Disney president after 14 months on the job.

Freeport McMoRan - This mining company has huge operations in Indonesia, extracting gold and copper. Critics charge the company violates the human rights of local people and is a massive corporate polluter.

Gerber - The baby food giant managed to get the Guatemalan Supreme Court to exempt imported baby food from the nation's infant health law, by threatening a lawsuit under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT).

--Livingston & McLean Counties Union News/April 1997

the Lavenders





<p><u>MONDAY</u></p> <p>\$3.00 PITCHERS MILLER LITE, BUD LITE</p> <p>\$3.00 PINTS "KING LIZARD"</p>	<p><u>TUESDAY</u></p> <p>\$3.00 PITCHERS MILLER LITE, BUD LITE</p> <p>TALENT SHOWCASE W/ CORY L. 9PM</p>	<p><u>WEDNESDAY</u></p> <p>\$1.75 WELL DRINKS</p> <p>OPEN MIC ED & SCOTT</p>
<p><u>THURSDAY</u></p> <p>\$1.25 DOMESTIC BOTTLES</p> <p>\$1.50 HEINEKENS</p>	<p><u>FRIDAY</u></p> <p>RETRO DANCE MIX D.J.</p> <p>MICRO BREW SPECIAL!</p>	<p><u>SATURDAY</u></p> <p>JUNE</p> <p>6/7 "BAD CAT" 6/14 "TC GROOVE" 6/21 "LOOSE CHANGE" 6/28 "SPELUNKERS"</p>
<p>OPEN MIC SUNDAY JAMES CISCO</p> <p>\$1.50 CORONA \$2.50 PINTS OF MICRO</p>		<p>JULY</p> <p>1997 PUB CRAWL</p> <p>7/5 "TV BLUES" 7/12 TBA 7/19 "POST MODERN MONKEY" 7/26 "3RD SUNDAY MARKET" "BAD CAT" "LORRIE ANNE AND 3D RHYTHM BAND"</p>